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SEPTEMBER DAYS.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

In flickering light and shade the broad stream goes,
With cool, dark nooks and checkered rippling shallows;
Through reedy fens its sluggish current flows
Where lilies grow, and purple-blossomed mallows.

The aster-blooms above its eddies shine,
With pollened bees about them humming slowly;
And in the meadow lands the drowsy kine
Make music with their sweet bells tinkling lowly.

The shrill cicala, on the hillside tree,
Sounds to its mate a note of love or warning;
And turtledoves re-echo, plaintively,
From upland fields, a soft delicious mourning.

A golden haze conceals the horizon,
A golden sunshine slants across the meadows;
The pride and prime of summer time is gone,
But beauty lingers in these autumn shadows.

The wild hawk's shadow floats across the grass,
The softened gray the softened green outvieing,
And fair scenes fairer grow while yet they pass,
As breezes freshen when the day is dying.

O sweet September! thy first breezes bring
The dry leaf's rustle and the squirrel's laughter—
The cool, fresh air whence health and vigor spring,
And promise of exceeding joy hereafter.

POMEROY ABBEY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

CHAPTER I.

JOAN POMEROY.

Never was there a more gloomy structure than that of the old Abbey of Pomeroy, with its grey walls, overgrown in places with lichen and other kind of moss, its narrow Gothic casement, and its decaying towers. It was in keeping with the scenery around. Situated on a wild part of the coast of England, it was flanked by bleak and bold rocks on the one side, and a dark forest on the other. Not that the trees were in close proximity to the abbey; they were considerably removed from it, forming, as it were, a background in the distance. The abbey faced the east; and from its front descended a gentle hill, where a few houses, most of them very poor, were honored with the title of village, taking its name from the site, "Abbeyland;" for the houses were built on land pertaining to it. This hill wound round to the right, and led onwards to the dark and gloomy forest. In days gone by, in the time of the Norman kings, this place had been the stronghold of the De Pomeroys, who were noted warriors; then they seemed to have dwindled away and disappeared, and the abbey was for a century or two the abode of some religious order of monks. After that, it had come again into the hands of the Pomeroys, who professed to be lineal descendants of the ancient family, and who in fact were so. They retained their original faith, that of Roman Catholic, but they dropped the "de" before their name. The reigning head and chief of the abbey was called the Lord of Pomeroy; a privilege bestowed, it was said, upon the family by one of the Norman kings.

The abbey was built in the form of a quadrangle; a solid square stone building, with a turret at each corner. The entrance gates, of massive iron, stood in the middle of the front, or east pile. Entering these gates, and passing their dark, spacious archway, to the square opening that lay in the midst of the building, we see how large it is. Each side contains rooms enough for a numerous household. Standing with our faces to the entrance gates, the chief, or east lies before us, and its corner turret to our left hand as we stand, is called the East Tower. The north wing lies between the north and the west towers (and which west wing forms the back of the structure) and the south wing, lying to our right between the west and south towers, brings us back to the front and starting point. Of these various piles, or sides, or wings, as you may please to call them, only the front and the north are inhabited at present, though all (save the west) are furnished for occupation in a greater or lesser degree. The rooms in the west wing, and more particularly those in the west tower, have the reputation of being haunted; and for a long time past nobody has lived in them. It should also be said that this west wing, though apparently looking as large as the other wing to us who stand in the open quadrangle below, is a very deceptive wing. For it is not half the width of the other wings; and the rooms, instead of being numerous, are few, and all of them look out upon the abbey itself, and the quadrangle it encloses, there being no windows whatever at the back. As to the quadrangle itself, with its grassy flooring, if that term may be allowed; it looks exactly like a gloomy grave-yard enclosed by cloisters. All round the quadrangle, between the abbey and the grass, lie roofed cloisters supported by pillars; their casements are unglazed, open to the quadrangle; doors lead from it into the quadrangle in places, as they do from the cloisters into the house.

If there was a window looking out to the back in the west wing, and we could take our stand at it, we should look upon a wide expanse of wood and dale. To the right, as we are supposing that we look, lie the stables and coach houses; beyond them is the chapel, surmounted by its quaint cross, and the grave-yard beside it. Near the grave-yard is the little house inhabited by the priest, Father Andrew, who shrives the abbey and the village and the neighborhood in general, for nearly everbody is of the old faith. A long way further off may be seen the chimnies of a large building rising against the horizon: they belong to a convent. It has existed for centuries, having been spared the destruction which so many other religious communities underwent in troublous times, though a portion of it was once rebuilt after a fire. It is of a rigid order, and is an educational establishment as well as a convent. A few houses nestling within their own grounds may be observed, scattered here and there in the distance: some good Catholic inhabit them, drawn to the neighborhood originally by the convent, and by the far famed abbey and its strictly Roman Catholic owners.

Rather to our left, and very near the abbey, stands a small, round stone building, grey and old; it is covered with moss like the abbey, and is called the keep. A slope of green grass descends from it somewhat abruptly to a low level dell; and then the ground gently rises again to the abbey walls. At present this keep is vacant; but it has sometimes been inhabited by one or other faithful retainer of the family when he had grown too old for service; it is said that the present lord intends his own man, Jerome, to retire to it later. On this west side the abbey has no entrance whatever. Neither has the south side any outer entrance; if you want to enter it you must travel round to the front gates. On the north side lie the garden and grounds, which are extensive.

Hugh, Lord of Pomeroy, the present chief and head of the family, had two daughters and four sons: Guy, Rupert George, and Leolin; Guy of course being the heir. George, Captain Pomeroy, was with his regiment in Ireland, though he had been recently sojourning at the abbey; in fact, as his father told him, he seemed to be always getting leave of absence and coming home. Leolin was on the continent, being an attache at one of teh embassies there. Guy and Rupert were at home; neither had any profession or calling. Guy was the heir; and Rupert had come into a fair fortune when he was of age, bequeathed him by his mother, because he was the second son, thought it was well-known that her favorite son was the third, George. The rest though it very unfair that Rupert should have this money, Guy especially; but the Lady of Pomeroy had left it in her will, and nothing could be done about it after her death. It might have been just as well that Rupert had not inherited the bequest. He had hastened to London, to Paris, and to other gay places, and spent it right and left. When it was all gone, and more to it, for which he was in debt thick and threefolds, back he came to the abbey and took up his abode in it. That was a twelvemonth ago, and here he was still.

Guy and Rupert Pomeroy were remarkably tall, fine men, just of a height, nearly six feet three, and alike in figure. They had both the high, handsome features of the Pomeroys, the bright brown hair, and the deep-grey eyes: but there the resemblance apparently ended. Guy was of a pale complexion, almost ghastly; his features, in themselves as well formed as Rupert's, were rendered plain by their exceedingly stern expression, and by his possessing what is called a hare lip, all efforts to close which had failed in infancy. Rupert's complexion was more fresh and beautiful than is often owned by man, the expression of his face was winning, though somewhat free, and his mouth was one of great sweetness. In voice also they differed; Guy's being deep and harsh, Rupert's pleasant as music.

It was a bright summer morning, and the cloth for breakfast was laid in the usual room; a small apartment on the first floor, that look to the front of the abbey. Many rooms on the ground floor were given over to the servants: and their windows were protected outside by cross-bars of iron. Standing at the narrow open casement of this breakfast-room, while waiting for her father and brothers, was Miss Pomeroy, gazing out upon the old familiar features, which she had not seen so long; the rocks, the straggling village, and a large white house nearly hidden by trees, which lay half way up the hill beyond. She had returned home the previous evening after an absence of eight months. Some years ago her sister Isabel had married the Honorable Henry Capel, and had already more children then she could count. Joan often went to stay with her, but had never remained away so long before. She had been named Joan after a certain Dame Joan de Pomeroy, famous for her beauty in the reign of King John. Poor Joan—this Joan—was plain, tall, and angular, her hair very dark, and her complexion nearly olive colored; but her features were good. She was twenty-nine this year; her sister Isabel, the eldest of the family, being one year older. Rupert entered.

"What are you looking at, Joan?"

"Not at anything in particular. Just then I was watching the white smoke curling up from the White House. How do you get on with its inmates, Rupert? Have you become intimate with them?"

"Guy has."

"Guy!"

"He and the lord are there often. Indeed, I began to think that we were going to be presented, gratis, with a lady in-law——"

"Rupert!" interrupted Joan, in a tone of rebuke.

"Or step-lady—how runs it?" continued the unmoved Rupert. "Until I found that the play lay in a different direction. The lord and Mrs. Wylde were but courting for their children."

Joan drew up her head. "As if papa would condescend to anything of the kind, Rupert! Tell me what you mean."

"The son-and-heir is to settle," cried Rupert; "so runs the programme; and ——"

"Guy cannot afford it. You have all been too extravagant for him to think of marrying; papa has often told him so. Two households in the abbey would double the present cost."

"I should like to have a guinea for every superfluous word you drop in a day, Joan," laughed Rupert Pomeroy, who was the essence of good temper. "Guy can afford an establishment——if he gets the young lady. She has five-and-twenty thousand pounds—to be paid down on her wedding-day."

"Are you speaking of the mother or the daughter?"

"Well done, Joan! The mother is double Guy's age—or getting on for it. I said on the wedding-day."

"But—will—she, the daughter, have Guy?" slowly and doubtfully ejaculated Miss Pomeroy.

Rupert opened another of the narrow casements, and put his head out. He whistled to one of his pointers, which was frolicking below with the gamekeeper, Gaunt.

"Rupert! Rupert!" exclaimed his sister, petulantly, "you know when I want to hear a thing I must hear it. I say, will Alice Wylde accept Guy?"

Rupert drew in his head. "You had better ask that of Guy himself."

"Is it true that she will have so large a sum?"

"That's true. Her father was in India; a nabob—or—rajah—or merchant—something they make fortunes at, out there: and she inherits all. There'll be another twenty five thousand when her mother dies; or more."

"She will never have Guy; she is too beautiful."

"Pretty women often marry ugly men, and——hush!" broke off Rupert: "here he comes, the son and-heir."

Guy Pomeroy was heard outside, talking. His temper had made him not loved by his brothers and sisters, over whom he assumed too much authority. But the lord doted upon him. In Guy he saw his son-and-heir; and his constant allusions to Guy's being such, had caused the rest to apply the term to Guy derisively. Haughty, arrogant, and fearful spendthrifts, the Pomeroys, from the lord downwards, had outrun their income; but this was not known to the world; and Guy, between whom his father there existed entire confidence, had reached the age of eight-and-twenty without a thought of marrying. "You must wait until I'm gone, Guy," the lord sometimes said to him, "you'll have the whole then." But while things were in this state, the White House changed its tenants, and became inhabited by the rich widow and daughter of Mr. Wylde.

But not for the sake of her fortune did Guy Pomeroy think of sacrificing his liberty: that the money may have added weight to the inducement, was probable, but the fresh beauty of Alice Wylde had caught his eye and heart. When those cold natures, such as Guy's, do love, they love passionately, and, with an impassioned fevor that is not often equalled, had Guy Pomeroy learnt to love Alice Wylde. Rupert did not explain this to his sister; he parried her questions, and seemed to treat the whole as a joke to be laughed at.

"I hear that George has been at home again," she resumed.

"George! Yes, he came soon after you left home, I think; he stayed for some months."

"I wonder he likes to idle away so much of his time—and I wonder he gets the leave to do it," remarked Joan. "He cannot find much amusement here, I should think. But George was always idly inclined, and down here he is of course relieved from duty."

As she spoke, Guy Pomeroy entered. Joan went up to him and they kissed each other; they had not previously met since her return. Guy took his seat at the breakfast-table, and motioned to her to do the same.

"Guy," she began, as she obeyed him, with little regard to his feelings as well as her own good manners, "Rupert says you wish to marry Miss Wylde. Will she have you!"

A hot flush illumined Guy's white cheek; proving, of itself, how very deep his love had gone. He drew himself up haughtily.

"Let Rupert concern himself with his fishing and his shooting, and his other—more questionable—sports; but let him not concern himself with me."

He rang the bell as he spoke; Rupert, still looking from the casement appeared not to hear. Jerome came in, the lord's personal attendant; a faithful serving-man over fifty years old.

"The lord breakfasts in his room," said Guy.

"Yes sir, I know it," replied Jerome. "He has slept badly."

Joan was busy with the breakfast-table. She could not domineer over Guy, as she did over Rupert; not that the latter heeded her domineering, for he was good-tempered and careless. Once, when Guy had declined to tell her something she wished to know, and she had teased him to anger, he struck her. She said no more now to him about Alice Wylde, but let the conversation drift to general subjects, and the breakfast passed in peace.

The meal over, she went up to her father. A grand, tall, old man, with a grey, handsome face, and grey hair. Now that Joan saw him by daylight, she noticed how ill and worn he looked. He was slowly eating his breakfast at a small round table drawn to the fire in his own sitting-room.

"Papa, you don't look well."

"No! I can't get over that last attack of mine, child."

"And you have a fire! It is a very warm day."

"I never feel warm now. There, let my ailments alone, Joan. Talk of something else."

"Papa, is Guy to marry Alice Wylde?"

The lord looked up. "Who has made you so wise?"

"Rupert."

"It is no business of Rupert's."

"Papa, I do not suppose she would have Guy."

"Not have Guy! I can tell you that an alliance with the future Lord of Pomeroy is what many a young lady, far higher in position and lineage than she, would kneel for. She and Mrs. Wylde see it in the right light, and are eager for it. Do you think that so strange a thing, Joan?"

"Well, papa, you know that Guy is stern of manner and not much liked in general. And one so rich and beautiful as Miss Wylde can choose as she will."

"But Guy will be Lord of Pomeroy. To be his wife, is what a daughter of the highest noble in the land would covet. And Guy will make a good husband—unless I am mistaken. At any rate, Joan, the matter lies entirely with himself and Miss Wylde: it is scarcely seemly that you should thus comment upon it."

"I'm sure, papa, I wish Guy every happiness," replied Joan, her eyes filling at the reproof. "If he and Miss Wylde like one another, I could desire nothing better."

"Guy likes her; be sure of that. And, if Mrs. Wylde is to be believed, the daughter likes him. And now you may leave me, my dear, I am expecting Father Andrew."

As Joan went out of the room, she met him. He wore his priestly garments, by which Joan knew he was going in for some office of religion. Father Andrew's face, a pleasant, rubicund face at all times, brightened at the sight of her. He was a stout man, of middle height, and of some five-and-forty years.

"Welcome home, my child. We have been dull without you."

"Father," she whispered, after responding to his greeting, "do you think papa is seriously ill? He looks so changed."

"He is weaker than I like to see him; that's a fact. But that last fit of gout was a sharp one, and tried him terribly."

"But that was three months ago."

"True. Still, he never seemed quite the same since. And he is not cautious enough as to what he takes. Poor living does not suit the Pomeroys. However, let us hope that he will get up his strength shortly."

Father Andrew passed into the lord's room, and Joan went about her business in the abbey, visiting the housekeeper, Mrs. Rex, and other of the upper servants, and superintending the putting away of her own wardrobe—which she liked to do, rather than leave it entirely to her maid. What with one thing and another, she was pretty busy until luncheon-time. Early in the afternoon, she called Bridget—who was the housekeeper's niece and a favorite servant.

"I want you to go as far as the lodge," she said. "Tell Sybilla—tell Miss Gaunt that I am come home; though I daresay she has heard it. Give my love to her and ask her to come up and see me."

Away went Bridget on her errand. She was soon back again; for the lodge was only just beyond the village.

"Miss Gaunt's kind love and duty to you, Miss Joan; but she has one of her bad headaches this afternoon, and is not able to wait on you," was the message Bridget brought. And Joan Pomeroy's usually placid features took a momentary cross expression—for she liked Sybilla Gaunt and was fond of her occasional companionship.

The family dined alone. Not in the great dining-hall below, but within all the usual state and ceremony pertaining to the Pomeroys. The lord headed his table and Joan faced him; Guy and Rupert being on either side. To be alone at dinner was rather an unusual circumstance; for the abbey was fond of guests, though it might be but Father Andrew. But the Lord was losing his energy, and of late seemed not to care how much he was left in quiet. With the removal of the cloth, Joan quitted the room. Rupert followed her, and strolled out. Guy remained with his father.

"Where have you been all the after noon?" demanded the lord. "At the White House?"

"I called there," replied Guy.

"When do you mean to bring matters to a close? It seems to me that you are holding off unaccountably. Speak to her off-hand, Guy, and don't be afraid. I never knew that a Pomeroy could be scared by a woman."

Guy Pomeroy's livid face turned scarlet; a far deeper scarlet than that called up by Joan's bold question in the morning. If the proud old chief could have only known its cause!

"There is plenty of time," replied Guy, evasively.

"As you please, Guy. I thought your heart was set upon the match. I'm sure I don't wish to urge it, if you don't."

"Time enough," muttered Guy. "Father, drink claret; so much port is not good for you."

"I hate claret," said the lord; "not a drop should be on my table, but for fashion's sake. I never could get used to it as a young man, and I can't as an old one. In my day, Guy, the creed was to despise everything French."

"But think of the gout, sir. Jerome is fearing another attack."

"Jerome would fear his own shadow," said the Lord of Pomeroy.

Meanwhile, Rupert strolled leisurely along, just as though he had no object in life save to look about him; but when he was beyond view of the abbey, he mended his pace, and went as if he were walking for a wager. It was a lovely summer's evening, and the setting sun threw its red and golden light athwart the heavy trees in the distance. Crossing some fields, by a sheltered path, he emerged from them at the back of the White House, and entered its garden by a small door.

Not to the open part of it: no, Rupert Pomeroy dared not do that, lest he should encounter the lynx eyes of Mrs. Wylde. He kept amidst the clump of shrubs that skirted the wall, and peeped out beyond them to see what was to be seen.

He saw a bright, radiant-looking girl, her dark brown hair shining in the slanting beams of the sun, and her cheeks damask with expectation. She was in an evening dress of white, and wore a small thin gold chain round her neck, and similar bracelets on her arms; and she was flitting from bed to bed, plucking a flower from one, stooping to inhale the scent of another, and—drawing further from the windows of the house: drawing, as if unconsciously, and without any apparent design. Just in the same manner, you observe, that Mr. Rupert Pomeroy had drawn away from the abbey.

Rupert Pomeroy, talking with his sister, had said the late Mr. Wylde had been something in India—a nabob, or rajah, or merchant—something at which people made fortunes. In point of fact, Mr. Wylde had not been any one of the three; he had been a railway contractor. The greater portion of his fortune was made at home; though he did go out to India, and died there. Of his large fortune, twenty-five thousands were left to his daughter, to be paid to her on her marriage; and the rest (which was something like another twenty-five thousand doubled) would be hers on the death of his wife.

Mrs. Wylde and Alice came home from India—having accompanied Mr. Wylde thither,—conscious of possessing more riches than they well knew how to count. The contractor had been a close man as to his means, and the wife had never supposed that he was worth a tithe of what those means turned out to be. Being so wealthy, it was of course incumbent on the widow to set up her tent accordingly; so she looked out for some pleasant locality where Roman Catholics congregated—for the Wyldes were of that persuasion—and was directed to Abbeyland. Mrs. Wylde took upon long lease the White House, which belonged to the Pomeroys, and settled down in it.

They were very pleasant people, this widow and daughter; the latter was also lonely; and Guy and Rupert Pomeroy called upon and paid court to their new tenants. Rumors of the girl's great wealth got about, and the Lord of Pomeroy began to pay them attention himself. Guy's heart, hitherto invulnerable, fell before the charms of the young lady; the lord read the signs, and favored the project. He was a proud old man, and the Wyldes were nobodies; but money was wanted at Pomeroy, and he put the riches against the lack of descent. "One can't have everything nowadays," he remarked to Guy.

The lord, when speaking to Joan, had used the right term with regard to Mrs. Wylde—she was "eager" for the match. Mrs. Wylde's husband had not much to boast of in the way of descent; she had as little; was, in short, of no "descent" whatever. As a matter of course with many such people—she was most inordinately alive to the advantages of rank. Her own turn was over; she could not be other than she was; but to see Alice wed into a noble family was her first earthly ambition; and when the heir of Pomeroy permitted himself to show indication that he was paying court to Alice, her exultation knew no bounds. Once let Alice become his wife, and Mrs. Wylde would fold her hands in contentment and sit down upon her laurels for life.

What though Guy Pomeroy was stern of mien and plain of face?—as Alice remonstrated. "Look at him from a little distance," said Mrs. Wylde, "and where else would you find so handsome a form, so noble a man?—it was only when you were close to him that you perceived his lip had a little defect in it, and his face was somewhat pale."

"Yes," answered Alice again, "but wives do not look at husbands from a distance; they pass their days close to them."

However, she might have been tempted to take Guy, for she was just as great a worshipper of rank as her mother, and no doubt would have taken him, but for one unfortunate circumstance—she had fallen in love with his brother Rupert.

And Mrs. Wylde saw nothing of the mischief until it was done. We rarely suspect the treason that goes on under our very eyes. Rupert and Guy were alike equally welcome to the White House; metaphorically, Mrs Wylde worshipped anybody bearing the name of Pomeroy. Rupert and Alice had plenty of time and opportunity given them to fall in love with one another.

But suddenly, without the slightest warning, Mrs. Wylde saw something one day, or thought she saw it, that she did not approve of—something like a private understanding between her daughter and Rupert; and a faint and very disagreeable suspicion dawned upon her that Alice might be getting to enjoy the society of the handsome Rupert more than that of Guy. Alice made a joke of her mother's "fancy," as she called it, denying it utterly; and Mrs. Wylde was fain to be appeased. But the incident taught her caution: and from that hour Rupert Pomeroy's visits to the house were discouraged. Call when he would, he could not get admittance; the ladies were out, or the ladies were engaged.

Alice Wylde had not been well trained. Anything but that. Whether she was by nature self-willed and deceitful, or whether present circumstances were imparting those qualities to her, cannot be known. Vain to a fault was she; passionately fond of admiration; and with it all, a perfect coquette.

Nearly from the very first she had detected the heir of Pomeroy's serious feeling for her. It gratified her beyond everything. *She drew him on*; flirting, laughing, talking; playing off her pretty airs and graces upon him. It may be, that she did not know what she was doing—or drawing him on to; it may be she deemed his feelings might be as shallow as her own—if, indeed, hers were shallow—and that if his wings did get a little singed in the radiant light of her presence, they would soon heal again. It may be, too, that she changed her tactics in a degree as the love grew between her and Rupert; and that if she did not absolutely repress Guy, she did not continue to give him encouragement.

The Lord of Pomeroy gave a word of reproach to his son Guy at the dinner-table, for not pursuing more ardently his suit with Miss Wylde. Guy's face had flushed hot with emotion, and Guy had turned the subject off. He had cause to do both.

That very afternoon Guy Pomeroy had staked his die and lost it; he had offered himself to Alice Wylde, and been refused.

"You must accept me; you have led me to think that you would," pleaded Guy. In his shock of surprise. "I love you too passionately to lose you."

But Alice only said he was mistaken, and rejected him utterly. She gave him no hope whatever; on the contrary, she forbade him to think of hope then or ever. And the heir of Pomeroy left the house a mortified and (so far as his hopes went) a crushed man.

CHAPTER II.

AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

Mrs. Wylde chanced to be from home during the visit of Guy Pomeroy, just spoken of, and knew nothing of what had transpired; neither was it disclosed to her, then or later. Her carriage drove in late, close upon the dinner hour; she hastened to dress, and then joined her daughter in the drawing room.

"Does Mr. Pomeroy dine here?" enquired Mrs. Wylde, who was a little, fair woman, with cold light eyes and very light hair, and wore this evening a maize-colored net dress with Indian ornaments.

"No, mamma."

"But I told you, Alice, to invite him if he called.

"I really forget whether I asked him or not," said Alice, indifferently. "I fancy I did not."

"You appear to be growing very forgetful of late," returned Mrs. Wylde. "Dinner, Cannet? That's right; I am fearfully hungry."

Mrs. Wylde liked her dinner; there was always a good one at the White House, whether on feast days or meagre days; and her vexation at Alice's indifference and the absence of Guy Pomeroy was soon forgotten. She began talking of the law business which had called her to the distant county town.

"Miss Pomeroy is come home," observed Alice.

"Is she? When did she come?"

"Last night, I think he said."

"Who said?"

"Mr. Pomeroy."

"We will walk over to-morrow and see her."

Dinner over, and dessert begun, Alice took a little fruit, and then, quitting the table without ceremony or apology, passed out at the glass doors, which stood open to the warm air and setting sun. You have already seen her; for this was spoken of before; in her white dress, with the gold circlets on her neck and arms, and the damask color of expectation on her cheeks.

"Alice," called out Mrs. Wylde, "I wish you would put a scarf over your

shoulders, and take a parasol. You generally choose this hour for loitering in the garden, when the sun is full upon it."

"Mamma, I shall not take cold."

"I don't suppose you will. I was not thinking of cold; but you'll tan your neck. The hot sun of summer tans as much at its setting as at mid-day."

Alice Wylde folded her lace pocket-handkerchief, and threw it over her neck.

"You have not taken your wine," pursued Mrs. Wylde.

"I don't want it, mamma. I took some at dinner."

Alice buried her face in a rose-tree as she spoke, inhaling its perfume. Mrs. Wylde took the glass of port wine which she had poured out for Alice, and drank it herself. Mrs. Wylde thought it wrong to waste good wine, and she was very fond of port. She liked to take two glasses of it after dinner, and then to fall, when alone, into a comfortable doze. Thus, on these favorable opportunities, as Alice considered them, on these evenings when they were not on ceremony, Alice got at least an hour to herself to linger in the garden, to look at the rising moon, and listen to the nightingales.

Well for her—oh, more than well, if she had seen and listened to nothing else! Strolling from flower to flower, she drew gradually more and more away from the house, turned the corner to the grove of shrubs and trees, and was lost to sight. Mrs. Wylde had forgotten to think about her then, and was deep in rose colored visions of that desirable time when she should shoot up a few feet on the world's pinnacle, as the mother of the Lady of Pomeroy.

Amidst the friendly, sheltering trees stood Rupert. Opening his arms he drew Alice to him. "My dearest!"

"Oh, Rupert, I thought this evening would never come! I have so wanted to see you, and—and—tell you something. That is, if it would not be wrong to do it. I hardly know."

"Wrong to do it—to tell me anything," he returned. "What can you know, Alice, that you may not share with me?"

"I will tell you; yes, I will: but you must never, never let it transpire that you know it. It would be cruel to him."

"To whom?"

"Guy. He came this afternoon to ask me to be his wife."

Rupert received the news with equanimity; perhaps the young lady had thought he would be moved by it. "Well?" said he, "what was your answer?"

"I told him I was sorry, but that I did not love him, and it was of no use asking me to."

Rupert laughed. He had his arm round her waist. "What did Guy say to that?"

"I hardly know what he said. My mind was in a whirl and I did not catch his words—only their sense. He said he loved me as no other man had loved woman, for his passions were vehement within him, and it was I alone who had ever called them forth."

"You might have told him that *one* other, at any rate, loved you as passionately as he."

"He then spoke about being Guy Pomeroy of Pomeroy, and——"

Rupert threw back his head. "That's Guy all over. Of course he is that; but he need not enlarge upon it. How did it end?"

"He would not take my refusal. He did not seem to believe in it. He said young ladies rarely knew their own minds; that I had had no experience; and that he should never give me up while he had life. But I think, for all that, he did believe me, Rupert."

"Of course he did. You must keep him at a distance now."

"He said he should come to the White House as usual, and he hoped that I should in a few weeks grant him a different answer."

"And pray what did you say to that?"

"Nothing. Except that if he did continue to come he must consider himself entirely mamma's visitor, not mine."

Rupert bent his face until his cheek touched hers while he whispered his sweet vows of love. She resisted not; for, passionately as Guy Pomeroy loved Alice, did she in turn love Rupert. Whether Mr. Rupert's affection was very ardent, is doubtful, for he had paid such vows many a time before. Rupert Pomeroy was a general admirer of pretty women; and it often happens that those general admirers are not capable of that one pure, ardent passion which can stir man's heart but once. He loved Alice Wylde in his own fashion; quite sufficiently so to make her his wife. He hoped she would be his wife; though he did not see his way clear to make her so at present; for Mrs. Wylde would be dead against him, and so would the Lord of Pomeroy. The lord favored Guy's suit, he would but resent his, Rupert's; the lord wanted Guy to be happy and rich. Guy, if he must marry, needed money with his wife; but Guy did not need money half as much as Rupert did.

Rupert drew her arm within his, and they paced the narrow sheltered walk. Alice took courage to ask Rupert what his future prospects were. Rupert replied vaguely. They did not appear to be at all tangible; but he was of a sanguine spirit, and talked glowingly, as one who meant to set the Thames on fire. Thus the time passed, all too swiftly for them. Wrapt in the magic of each others's presence, in the melody of love's golden chords, they saw not how swiftly the light was fading; and the sun had set, and the evening star shone in the heavens, when Alice awoke to reality.

"Oh Rupert! see how late it is! What a long while we must have been walking here! What will mamma say!"

"Nothing. Your mamma is yet in her after-dinner nap."

"I don't know that. I have never stayed so late as this."

"You have had more to tell me than you ever had before."

"To tell you!"

"Guy's presumption. Well, we must check-mate him; though it may take time to do it. Fare you well for to-night, my best and dearest."

Alice stole back to the house, not by the open lawn, but by a side path, her heart living over again the stolen interview, her cheeks crimson with the pressure of Rupert's lips.

"Tiresome old creature!—he's always doing it!"

Now the words, fretfully spoken, did not apply to him who was filling her thoughts, Rupert Pomeroy, but to that worthy man, Cannet, the butler. Alice had made her way to a convenient side-door, and found it fastened. It chanced, however, that Cannet was close by at the moment she tried it; he unbolted it and threw it open.

"I never saw any one like you in my life, Cannet!—bolting and barring the doors at this hour, as if you feared we were going to be robbed! An evening or two ago, in the broad sunshine, I tried this door and found it locked."

"I'm very sorry, Miss Alice. But there's a lot of tramps about; there always is in hot weather, and it's right to be cautious."

"As if tramps would come now! They would let it get dark first."

Cannet knew that the twilight hour was just the one favored by tramps; but he did not say so. Alice went into the drawing-room; played softly for a minute or two, and then crossed the hall to the dining-room—startling her mother from her doze. The long drive had tired Mrs. Wylde.

"Why, mamma, what a sleep you are taking!"

"Am I! What's the time? Dear me, why it's getting dusk. Why did you not wake me before, Alice? Where have you been?"

"I came here from the piano—wondering what had become of you."

Mrs. Wylde rang the bell, and then quitted the room with her daughter. Alice sat down again to the piano, and the tea came in.

And poor Mrs. Wylde, stirring and tasting it, had no more notion of the treason that had been enacted, than you have that you are going to be made a duke to-morrow, my good reader. Ah, girls think themselves very clever, those who can act thus; but let them be assured that a day of reckoning must come. Alice Wylde saw no harm in deceiving her mother, or in the deceit itself—but that same day of reckoning might be laying up its vengeance even for her.

Mrs. Wylde, having attained a position in the great world, of course deemed it necessary to borrow its manners and customs. Time was, not so very long ago either, when she saw no necessity to keep a maid for her personal service; but now she kept two maids, one for herself, the other for her daughter. As Alice went into her room this night, the latter was waiting for her as usual. She was a respectable looking, plain-dressing woman of thirty: her hair, already slightly grey, was braided over her forehead; her face was thoughtful and sensible. In the earlier days this girl had been the housemaid. She was good and faithful; and of their own religion. Mrs. Wylde took her to India, and afterwards she became Alice's attendant, of whom she was very fond.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

BY A. C.

Old Time is the drollest of wags,
And puzzles the world with his rules;
He gave all To-Day to the wise,
To-Morrow he promised the fools.

At first he made naught but To-Day,
With its joys, its successes and sorrow:
Then, to keep on good terms with the world,
He promised he'd make a To-Morrow.

The fills rejoiced at the news,
Put their hands in their pockets and slept,
Believing the promise of Time
Would be most religiously kept.

They never conceived that the rogue
Had promised To-Morrow in fun,
So quietly went to decay,
Leaving all To-Day's work to be done.

At last they woke up but to find
To-Morrow was really a myth,
And thought what they'd do, when too late,
If they had the time to do with.

They prayed to old Time to return—
'Twas merely the wasting of breath.
For they found, as he laughed and flew on,
That To-Morrow was nothing but Death.

The Cracked Tumbler.

CHAPTER II.—[CONTINUED.]

"He is not dead," said Stella quietly; "and he will not die just yet."

And she was right; but this brought matters to a climax. "Very well then," said Mr. Lockwood, "if sense will not teach you to refrain from what is unkind and injurious, I will see what wood and iron can do." So orders were given to shift the Colonel's quarters. He was past going up and down stairs now, and so it did not matter in what part of the house the "den" was to be. Suitable rooms were found in one of the wings, and carpenters came to measure the passage which led to them for a massive baize-covered door, which would shut Miss Stella out from even approaching within earshot of her victim.

He never reached the proposed haven of rest. The very day before it was ready for his occupation he was found much as his daughter had seen him after that shriek was heard. He had slipped from his chair, and lay huddled up on the floor, but stone dead and cold this time.

Since that previous attack Stella had been carefully watched, and it was certain that she was not actively responsible for the more fatal seizure. Still, it was felt to be the sequel to the other, and that she was to be charged with both. She heard the news without emotion, and bore the reproaches cast upon her without reply.

The cause of death was certified to be disease of the heart, and so there was no inquest. The funeral was a quiet one, but marked by an incident which caused some talk. When those words, "We therefore commit his body to the ground," were spoken, Mrs. Kirkman, who had been standing by the head of the grave, knelt down, took a handful of earth, pressed it to her lips, and let it fall slowly on the coffin.

Returning from the churchyard, Mrs. Markby took Dr. Fletcher aside, and what passed between them resulted in his returning to the Honor, and going with her into the now vacant "den."

"If I'm over bold, Doctor," she began, "in my questioning, please remember that, girl and woman, I've served this family for three-and-thirty years."

"Yes, yes, yes: I understand," he said, afraid, like all his craft, of long introductions. "Go on. What's the matter now?"

"You remember my first mistress here, Doctor?"

"Of course."

"What did she die of?"

"Impossible to say exactly. She was worn out with suffering, poor lady! Perhaps there was some internal injury that escaped us, and which may have led to the immediate cause of her death."

"But the colonel died of heart disease * * * you're sure of that?"

"Now, Mrs. Markby, come to the motive of this questioning. There is one beyond curiosity, I can see that in your face," said the Doctor, getting in earnest.

"There is indeed, sir; I was the one who put the rooms to rights after both deaths, and, if you will believe me, the same glass in which Mrs. Lockwood had her last drink of lemonade was the one the colonel used for his gin-and-water just before he died."

"How can you possibly know that?"

"The rim was chipped where it fell against the jug."

"Pshaw! I'll engage that there are a dozen chipped tumblers in the house."

"May be, but not of that pattern. We've had nothing like that pattern since my first lady's time. It is an American sort of glass that she fancied—goblet shape, like a big wine-glass. Why, that's nearly fifteen years ago, Doctor, and there is not one other left. Set upon set have been broken up since then. How came this one left? And how did it get into the colonel's room?"

"If that's all, I don't think it worth while to inquire. Odd things do survive. They get put away out of use."

"They do," said the housekeeper, somewhat relieved, "that's true. If you were only sure what my first lady died of?"

"There is something more in your mind, Mrs. Markby," replied the doctor severely, "and I insist upon knowing what it is."

"Sir, there was a pip found on the table near that glass, where the lemonade had been spilt out of it."

"Wonderful!" sneered Fletcher. "A lemon-pip in lemonade! You don't say so!"

"It was Mary Jane Masters (Smith was her maiden name) who was under me then," the housekeeper continued, unmindful of the sarcasm, "and she made that lemonade. My mistress was very particular not to have any pips in it—they made it bitter, she said, and I scolded Mary Jane for her carelessness in not straining it. She swore she had strained it, and Dr. Fletcher, I believe she told the truth. I never caught her out in a lie before, or after."

"If you mean anything at all by this, you mean to insinuate that the first Mrs. Lockwood was poisoned," the Doctor blurted out, getting red and uneasy.

"The Lord forgive me if I'm a wicked woman, but I do," Mrs. Markby replied.

"By whom?"

"Sir, when I came back from the room after giving Mary Jane my mind, I couldn't find that glass. I didn't want it so much as the pip for proof against the girl. I got that, and thought no more about the tumbler till I found it again on the colonel's table. How did he get it? Now, Doctor, many times since Miss Stella has been plaguing him he said he wished he was dead, that his life wasn't worth having, and such like. Suppose he had disease of the heart, but didn't die of it? Suppose he poisoned himself?"

"That wouldn't show that he had poisoned another."

"It would show that he had poison, though. Where did he keep it? If he ever used it in that tumbler, he would most likely have put them away together."

"By God, Markby! you ought to have been a detective," exclaimed the Doctor.

"Was there anything in the tumbler when you found it last?"

"About a tablespoonful of gin-and-water."

"You didn't throw it away, I hope?"

"No, sir, I locked up it just as it was, in that drawer."

As she spoke, she opened the drawer, and handed Fletcher the cracked tumbler, with about two inches of clear liquid in it. At his request she then got a phial, into which, after having washed it out carefully, he poured the gin-and-water which the colonel had left.

"I will take this home with me," he said, "and let you know to-morrow if there is anything wrong about it. In the meantime, not a word to any one."

To-morrow came, but no Dr. Fletcher. Three days passed, and yet he had not kept his word. On the morning of the fourth he drove up in his gig, with portmanteau and rugs as though bound for a journey, and sent for Mrs. Markby to come out to him, as he had not a moment to spare.

"I'm puzzled about that," he whispered, "and am going to London to see a friend of mine, who is an analytical chemist, about it. There may be some sediment in the tumbler which might help us; so get it for me, and be quick, or I shall lose the train."

She hurried to the "den" and opened the drawer.

The tumbler was gone!

CHAPTER III.

Dr. Fletcher returned to Dighton clear upon one point. There was poison in the gin-and-water . . . poison of a description unknown except to the scientific few . . . poison which was not kept for sale (even under the safeguards which the law enacts) at any ordinary druggist's . . . and enough of it to kill two strong men was found, beyond peradventure, in that two tablespoonfuls of liquor. But this by no means undid the puzzle. One who knew enough to procure that fatal agent would know better than to employ such a quantity of it. Why, if the tumbler had been originally only half full, there was death enough to destroy the household in it! Then the disappearance of the tumbler. That completely upset Mrs. Markby's theory. Supposing that the colonel had taken the tumbler out of the first Mrs. Lockwood's room, and secreted it—he must have done so to conceal something, and its reappearance with poison in it by his side was terribly suggestive of what had to be hidden. For nearly four years he had not left his room. He must, therefore, have had that poison by him. Where? In the same hiding-place which concealed the cracked tumbler? Probably, as both came out together. The first Mrs. Lockwood had supplanted his daughter . . . stood in her way, and had no use for the life which practically made Sir John a widower, but was a bar to his marrying again. The colonel was just the sort of man to think it no crime to put a human being out of pain, particularly a human being whose existence in pain kept him in poverty. Here, then, was motive. When he was driven to take his own life, he used the agents he had already employed to take the life of another. So far the inferences were of the strongest, the motive sufficient, and the means at hand.

But the moment that the cracked tumbler disappears the second time, the whole chain falls link from link. The facts, far from inculpating the colonel, face round and acquit him. The backbone of Mrs. Markby's theory was that he had possession of the tumbler. All the other facts radiate from that, and have no force without it. Now it appears that some one else has an interest in hiding that tumbler, and why should not the hand which spirited it away after the colonel's death have been the same one that used it for Mrs. Lockwood's destruction fourteen years ago?

Was there really any connection between the two deaths? Dr. Fletcher tried hard to persuade himself that there was not. He tried hard to persuade Mrs. Markby that she could not be positive about that tumbler. It was absurd to suppose she could recognise it after a lapse of fourteen years, simply because of a crack in the rim. But the housekeeper was not to be moved. She would take a thousand oaths on it. To satisfy the Doctor she had the house rummaged from top to bottom—on the pretence of a general cleaning up—and no similar glass found. Dr. Fletcher tried every shop at Dighton and Sallingham, but could not match it. That pattern had gone out long ago.

Granted that there was no connection between the two deaths, he was faced by the terrible certainty that now, at any rate, there was a poisoner in the house. As long as his first impression about the colonel lasted, he could honestly follow the course he had laid down for himself—persuade Mrs. Markby to secrecy, and hold his tongue. But now?—any day a third victim might fall. In whom should he confide—whom should he warn? The probability that all the poison had been used gave him a momentary sense of ease; but reflection showed that it would not be safe to rely upon. So very little would suffice. What was to come of his warning if he gave it? Exhume the first Mrs. Lockwood? Useless! If she had been killed by the poison found near the colonel, no trace of it would be discovered by the minutest analysis. It operates by gradually suppressing the action of the heart, and leaves no sign, even if search be made, within a few hours after death. I could tell you its name, but do not deem it prudent to do so. The more Dr. Fletcher read and learned about it, the more he thought of the appearance presented by the two dead bodies, the firmer grew the conviction that there was a connection between the deaths.

This being so, the poisoner had been in the house for fourteen years—in the house, because both potions had been administered or left to be taken at night when no strangers were there. Who, then, was present at the time of both deaths? Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood, Stella, and Mrs. Markby, no one else. It was preposterous to suppose that St. John murdered his wife; Stella was a child of three years old when she died. The housekeeper's conduct made it clear that she was innocent. A cold shudder ran through the Doctor when he thought of Mabel Ravesy's love for St. John, her disappointment, her poverty—could she have deliberately undertaken to nurse her rival for the purpose of murdering her? Could she have yielded to a sudden temptation and made away with her? Had her father, the dreadful colonel, any hand in the crime, or a suspicion as to its author, and had she silenced him for fear he might betray it to Stella as the price of being left in peace?

"I'll take time," resolved Fletcher. "I do nothing in a hurry, and—yes—that might help, I'll sound Mrs. Kirkman—she helped to nurse the first Mrs. Lockwood, and find out if she has any suspicion of the second wife."

For this a good opportunity soon occurred. Stella, who, since the death of Colonel Ravesy, had regained some of her former health and spirits, took a new fancy in quite an unexpected direction. I have mentioned how she treated young ladies of about her own age who were invited to amuse her. She now spent three afternoons a week at Mrs. Kirkman's school, joining in the work and pastime of the farmer's daughters who were finished at that now long-established and flourishing seminary. Mrs. Kirkman had presented her compliments to Mrs. Lockwood, and, though highly flattered by the predilection shown by her daughter, begged that that young lady might be induced to restrict her visits, as they interfered with the studies of Mrs. Kirkman's pupils. And Mrs. Lockwood had apologised for such intrusion, and promised to use her influence to prevent its recurrence.

"I cannot understand, Stella," she said, as she sealed this note, "why your self-respect does not keep you from going where you are unwelcome."

"But I *am* welcome—all the girls like me," Stella replied, flushing.

"What the girls like or dislike does not matter, my dear. They are under Mrs. Kirkman's charge, and she is the best judge of what is proper for them. However, both your father and myself are glad to see that you are shaking off your aversion to society. We only wish you had looked a little higher for companions. Mrs. Kirkman is a very respectable woman, but neither she nor I can forget that she was once my father's servant. Her pupils—shopkeepers' and farmers' daughters—are not of the class with which you can associate hereafter. It would not be kind to let them imagine that you could. So be a good child, and don't go there so often. Wean yourself away, as it were, and when we are out of mourning you shall have every opportunity of forming pleasant acquaintances amongst your own order in society."

Stella listened, seemed to assent, but did as she pleased.

Mrs. Lockwood did not seriously resent this disobedience. She was rather glad of it. Stella's health and spirits were improving. When she became quite well again, she would understand what was due to her position. She would come out, be presented at Court, have a season in London, and forget all about Mrs. Kirkman's girls. In the meantime, Mrs. Kirkman and her girls were doing her good. So Dr. Fletcher was taken into counsel, and sent upon a diplomatic mission to the schoolmistress. He was to excuse Stella's pertinacity on the ground of her health, and to throw out a delicate hint that any inconvenience which might result from her visits would be liberally compensated. He improved this occasion by making close inquiries about her mother's last days, and (incidentally) into the conduct of the then Miss Ravesy towards her.

In answer to this proposition he was informed that it would have to be made to Mrs. Kirkman's successors. She was tired of the drudgery of teaching, had made enough to retire upon, and had sold the school.

"I am going to London to-morrow," she said, "to settle some matters of form. The holidays commence on Saturday, when I shall give up the house and probably go abroad. Till then Miss Stella is quite welcome to come. I am very glad you have confided in me, Doctor Fletcher. I live so secluded a life that I had not heard of her illness. Pray convey my respects to Mrs. Lockwood, and assure her that had I been aware that the young lady derived any advantage from coming here I should not have objected to her visits. Poor child! God knows I should be the last to hurt her."

The usually reserved Mrs. Kirkman spoke with unwonted warmth, particularly at the last; but when Fletcher began his questioning she froze again, and gave short answers. She saw very little of what went on. She usually sat up at night with the crippled lady, and slept during the day. Who sat up with her the night she died? No one. She had been feeling so much better for the previous ten days or a fortnight that she would not let any one sit up. To many other queries the schoolmistress would reply to the effect that she was then a servant; she came when she was called, and did what she was told. It was no business of hers to find out why this was done, or that. Yes, Miss Mabel behaved as though she were very fond of the first Mrs. Lockwood.

Thus Doctor Fletcher got nothing to help him out of his dilemma from this quarter. Whenever he went to the Honor, Mrs. Markby would waylay him and implore him for God's sake to do something, or there'd be more murder done. He was not an irresolute man or a careless. He was deeply anxious, painfully interested. The conviction that the second Mrs. Lockwood was the poisoner had crystallised in his mind, and yet for the life of him he could not see how to protect the innocent, how to denounce the guilty. Under such conditions, to be abjured to do *something*, without the faintest hint as to the what, the how, and the when, almost justified the ebullition of profanity which at last burst from the worthy medico.

"D—n it all, ma'am," he shouted, "what the devil am I to do? Send for a policeman and give you into custody? Yes, you! There's as much against you as anybody else. You were here when Miss Stella's mother died, and you were here last month. You've got charge of the glasses and things, and according to your own account you were fussing in both rooms after either death. That cursed tumbler was in your possession, and it disappears again as soon as you find that there is something wrong about its contents."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVE UNTO DEATH.

BY F. HENRY DOYLE.

It was at the height of the Reign of Terror in France. Life and liberty, though the professed objects of the Revolution, were names only and solemn mockeries. Thousands of the country's noblest and best had already been offered as sacrifices on that altar of the People—the guillotine!

All who were able had crossed the border to Germany, or passed the channel and sought shelter under the flag of England.

And the prisons, though their inmates almost daily fell victims of the fatal knife, were just as regularly kept filled by the arrival of others who became sufferers in their turn.

There were many instances of fidelity, courage, love, and patriotism, but the horrible work went on and showed no sign of ceasing.

Mothers, wives and sweethearts saw the oaken doors of La Force close on husbands, sons and lovers to open no more for them save to show the way to death.

The complete history of that dreary, bloody time can never be truly read, save in the book of God's recording angel.

It may have been that tired with their work among princes of the blood and nobility, the agents of despotism took a grim pleasure in the novel diversion of hounding those of humbler rank.

Or why did the swarthy, howling crowd—misnamed defenders of the people—stop before the humble shoe shop of Etienne Langley in the Rue D'Enfer?

A youthful, mild mannered, gently spoken man, toiling hard in his vocation, surely, from him the Republic could receive no detriment!

But he was a friend of the aristocrats. More than once it was said his services had been commanded at the palace—and it was told by some of his own trade he often boasted that his handiwork had been on royal feet.

Therefore away with him. The cells of the jail were too good for him.

Prayer and petition were useless. Dragged from his bench and surrounded by the yelling, drunken, half-crazed throng, he was told to prepare for La Force.

Sophie Callay, as she looked from the window of her mother's store opposite, turned deathly pale as she saw him with proudly flushed face led away amid his captors, and clutched the counter for support.

Still she dared not murmur. Had she done so, his fate, in spite of deep black eyes and rosy cheeks, were her own.

But a face even whiter than hers was watching her with no less earnest a gaze. Georges Abalin, their clerk, glanced timorously from his little desk and felt in the girl's changing countenance his worst fears confirmed—she loved Etienne.

Georges, a foundling, reared in the same house with Sophie from childhood, sitting side by side with her at the household table, pursuing the same studies and enjoying the same sports, her heart had yet gone forth to the handsome young artizan over the way, while he, only regarded as a brother, loved her madly and desperately.

The crowd were yet near, and as he alternately glanced at one and the other, a strange shade crossed over his face.

Stepping into the street he threw his cap into the air and cried:

"Vive le Roi! Hurrah for the King!"

His voice sounded clear and bell-like over the confused, sea-like murmur of the retreating mob.

Back they darted with a rush, heavy wooden soled and iron-nailed shoes clattering on the pavement, and swollen, wine-stained lips hurling the vilest imprecations at the offender.

"Hang him! Kill him!" rose from a hundred throats.

Pale yet fearless and with folded arms, the youth gazed sternly at the men dancing about him like demons.

One, evidently the leader, seized him by the shoulder.

"You are arrested as an enemy of the people."

Georges only bowed his head, and looking over his shoulder, with blanched countenance at the girl in the window, answered lowly:

"I am content."

Something in his calm demeanor seemed to awe the furious madmen, and though more than once an arm was raised to strike, it again dropped harmless to the owner's side.

Etienne with part of his guard had gone on, and along the way other groups of victims were met, also proceeding to La Force. His conductors, more violent and unruly than usual, having stopped at several wine-houses on the way, Georges did not arrive till nearly dusk.

Apart went the massive doors and he was thrust inside.

Between two lines of guards he passed to the room of examination. Here the names of all new comers were taken for investigation and subsequent condemnation, or liberation, as the case might be.

He scrutinized nervously and anxiously the various officials present. None were known to him and but one of his captors had accompanied him to make the charge.

"Your name?"

"Etienne Langley."

"Residence?"

"Rue d'Enfer."

"Age?"

"Twenty-three."

The accusation of treason to the people being then made in due form, he was imprisoned to await the decision of the revolutionary authorities.

In those days the pretended processes of law were summary if not thorough.

The next morning, along with others he was again called to the central room. Among those present he saw the shoemaker of the Rue d'Enfer, and his eyes flashed with a glorious light.

An official read, in alphabetical order the list of the pardoned and the doomed.

Of the one there were but few, of the other many.

"Etienne Langley, treason, condemned to death."

"Here."

"Here."

Every look was turned toward the men as they stepped in front of the desk.

There was momentary confusion, but without words they referred to the books. Two Etienne Langleys were entered, but one alone was marked for death.

To guillotine both was clearly illegal, and in that hotbed of anarchy where all was done in defiance of law, they made the hypocritical pretense of respecting its sanctity.

Etienne had recognized the other, and was looking at him in a sort of dazed bewilderment. Georges passing by him whispered:

"Live for Sophie's sake. Be silent."

He then took his place again by the desk.

"I am the true Etienne Langley, arrested for treason to the people, and am ready to die for honoring France and my king."

This was enough. Had the other striven to rectify it he could have done no good. George was ordered to join those awaiting the coming of the fatal cart.

It was only when the shoemaker was released and, after the terrible revolution, he had wedded Sophie, that the latter learned for love of her, and that he might save the man she loved, Georges Abalin had willingly given up his life to the merciless guillotine.

News of Interest

Potatoes were introduced into Ireland in 1610.

Senator Hamlin has never worn an overcoat.

Streets were first lighted with oil lamps in 1762.

Sulphur color is one of the fashionable whims.

Queen Victoria has twenty-six grandchildren.

The first camp meeting was held in Kentucky in 1799.

Knitting originated in Scotland about the year 1500.

The locust sings by fiddling on its wing with its leg.

Cwellings will doubtless soon be lighted by electricity.

Mexico had yellow fever before the Cortez invasion.

Protestantism made 1004 converts in Japan last year.

Leghorn straw is pulled before the wheat forms in heads.

This is the time for outside repairs to your premises.

A half dime of 1802 was lately sold at auction for $130.

Reporters are mentioned in history as early as 2250 B. C.

Europe has but forty trees that attain a height of 30 feet.

Colors of autumn leaves are due to the process of ripening.

Tablecloths of white paper are a novelty for the dining room.

Swindlers are about as refugees from the yellow fever districts.

The lamented Artemus had yellow hair and liked slouch hats.

This country has one evangelical minister to every 600 people.

The population of the United States is estimated at 40,000,000.

The net profit of a hand organ is more than is generally supposed.

The first church pews were stone benches projecting from the walls.

A bear in Vienna was chloroformed and a cataract taken from its eyes.

The sunny side of the street is now selected for early morning walks.

Tom Thumb says his father is not in a poorhouse, but has been dead ten years.

Sunday is kept in the American and the British departments of the Paris exhibition.

Summer visitors to the White Mountains spend about $2,000,000 a year in that region.

Locomotive whistles are not blown in some of the western cities, electric signals being used.

Crawford county, Pa., paid $104.30 to convict a man of stealing an old pair of shoes worth $2.50.

An English miller beat his wife; forty women formed a committee and severely chastised him.

Some of the English clergy are so poor that they do not taste meat more than once or twice a week.

Gladstone says the next census will show the United States to be one of the wealthiest nations of the earth.

In France the bridegroom presents the bride with three dresses—a visiting dress, a traveling and a reception dress.

If a man had an appetite in proportion to a spider, he would eat in a day an alligator, a lamb, a cameleopard, a sheep, and 120 larks.

Nearly all the new colors this season take their names from precious stones—garnet, ruby, topaz, emerald, sapphire, amethyst, etc.

A scrapbook compiled by Thomas Jefferson while he was President, has been added to the collection of the Virginia Historical Society.

They are making glass furniture in England, and say it is more durable than wood, very cheap, and the glass can be worked into beautiful forms.

The Rev. Augustus Toplady, author of the hymn "Rock of Ages," was rector of Broadhambury, in Devonshire. Often, instead of going to bed, he would put on his surplice, go out of doors, and thus attired walk for hours in the night singing hymns.

That Element of Fascination,

a graceful contour, is intensified by LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH, which lends a new charm to rounded outlines, and, by developing a fresh health-like tinge upon the neck, hands, and arms, softens down the angles, where such exist, and substitute in their place an appearance of pleasing rotundity. Decolete robes with short sleeves are worn with the greatest advantage by those ladies who use this indispensable accessory of the toilette.

LONG AFTER.

BY C. BROOKS.

Does he remember that fair even ng plucked
Out of the very heart of gracious June—
We walked through silent lanes and mead-
ows bathed
In the white glory of the Summer moon?

The cottage, half in shadow, where the scent
Of honeysuckle grew so subtly sweet;
And how the watchdog bayed, and suddenly
The crickets loudly chirped beneath our
feet?

Just where the little trembling stream
Splashed its white feathers o'er the rocky
ledge,
He stopped to pull me roses, wild and sweet,
Trailing in thorny garlands from the hedge.

And there we lost the quiet evening's peace,
With angry eyes averted homeward came;
Yet though I was so troubled, did he know
I closely clasped his roses all the same?

And when our Good Night came, I could not
bear
In such unkind displeasure thus to part,
And longing so for peace, I nearer drew
And laid my drooping flowers upon his
heart.

And as those roses on that summer eve
Told what my lips could never, never say,
Forth from the silence and the pain of years
My heart goes out and claims his heart to-
day.

WEAKER THAN A WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "THE COST OF HER LOVE," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT."

CHAPTER VII—[CONTINUED.]

"Say?" cried Felix. "She will be indignant. She will agree with me. That any man who listens to it ought to be shot. Why do you look so strangely at me, madre?"

"I was wondering," she said, "whether this would make any difference to her or to her parents—I mean in respect of your self."

"Difference? No—yet I am wrong. Yes, it will make this one difference. She will love me the better, and cling to me the more. I have no doubt about Violet—my sweet Violet! It is the one thing that is needed to quicken her love for me with a new strange life."

He wondered why Mrs. Lonsdale sighed. Why need any one sigh? Violet's love, Violet's faith, was his rock of refuge. To doubt her would be death.

"I have no fear," he said, throwing his head up proudly. "Violet will love me now as she has never loved me before. My only trouble is about my dear father, and what I can do to help him."

They talked until long after midnight; they looked the evil in the face. If they went to law, and the law was against them, what then? They would be dreadfully embarrassed for ready money. The nursery-governess must go, but they could remain at Vale House, and the partnership should not be dissolved.

CHAPTER VIII.

The autumn was come; the golden glory of summer had given way to it. The luxuriant trees made the woods a picture. The yellow leaves lay in dank heaps, the corn had all been cut and carried, the fruit gathered; the gloaming was longer, the sunset had clouds of deeper crimson.

The little town of Lilford had experienced a social earthquake. The great trial of Lonsdale *versus* Hardman had been decided, and the verdict—no one but the twelve intelligent jurymen who gave it knew why—was against Darcy Lonsdale; the will was declared null and void, and the whole of the property was given to James Hardman.

That was hard; but hardest of all were the cruel things said by the plaintiff's counsel. Darcy Lonsdale listened to them like one in a dream. He heard all kinds of underhand motives attributed to him; he heard himself described as a conspirator, as one who had taken advantage of his position to influence a weak-minded woman. He listened to words which burned him, branded him—which almost robbed him of his self-respect—which so completely bewildered him that, if he had been a weaker man, he would not have known whether he was guilty or not. The blameless life of which he was so proud, the blameless name which he had valued above all other blessings, were bespattered. As he listened to the cruel words, which fell like molten lead on his heart and home, he could have cried aloud that it was all false—he had lived in Lilford both a boy and man, and all his old friends knew that he was incapable of doing any creature a wrong or an injury.

He called few witnesses. He might have made a far better defence than he did but that he trusted so entirely to the notion that his own innocence must be patent to all men. The verdict was against him—unjustly so, some said, for the judge had summed up favorably for him—and Darcy Lonsdale went home crushed and heart-broken.

Those were dreary days in Vale House.

"I shall never hold up my head again," said Darcy Lonsdale, with a deep sob. "I shall never look my fellow-men in the face."

That his old friends should have believed this of him pained the brave honest heart. He had a long illness, from which it was feared at first that he would never recover.

It was a dreary time. The business fell away; the townspeople said to each other, with a grave shake of the head, that they could not trust a man of whom such things had been said—they could not leave their interests, as before in his hands. One after another the old names disappeared from his books. Men he had known all his simple life fought shy of him, avoided him—and the dreary time passed on.

Felix worked hard, but it was like rowing against an angry current. There were some gleams of comfort; one of them neither father nor son ever forgot.

It was an evening in October, dark and chill. For the first time the invalid had come down-stairs, and the weight of anxiety upon him was like a lump of lead. Those were days of strict economy in Vale House. There was no tempting fruit for the feeble appetite, no generous wine to give strength to the feeble frame. The best medicines that the invalid had were the cheering kindly words of his wife, the love of his son.

That evening Felix came home late from his office; he was tired owing to the hard work and ill fortune of the day. He fought nobly with misfortune, but he fought in vain. His kind face brightened when he saw a letter for him. It must be from Violet. Who would write to him except Violet? And despite all his sorrows his heart glowed as he thought of her, his beautiful love. Oh to escape, if only for one hour, and sun himself in the light of her presence! He saw her so seldom now. He was hard at work during the day, and the nights were too cold for walks and rambles. He occasionally went over to the Limes; but the welcome that he received there was not of the warmest, and he could not see Violet alone.

He took up the letter with a smile, and read it. It was not from Violet, but from her father, Francis Haye, saying that the marriage must be deferred for at least a year, as he was quite sure that under the circumstances Felix could not hamper himself with a wife. "Violet was," he said, "of the same opinion, as he would see;" and inded there was a rose-tinted, sweet-scented note from Violet—just a few lines—to the effect that she thought her father was right.

He laid the notes down with a feeling of burning pain, a thrill of passionate anguish that frightened him. Nothing on earth, no power of man, should take her from him. She was his own, and he would hold her until her life was ended. Then he owned to himself that Mr. Haye was right—cruelly right—that without money, with an invalid father, a failing business, he could not take a wife. It was right to defer it. He must be patient. After all, he had not lost her, he reflected. She was still his own.

There came to him a mad desire to see her, to caress the golden hair, to kiss the lovely lips that had on them the breath and the fragrance of roses, to clasp the sweet white hands in his own, to hear the music of the voice that had no equal—a wild, mad longing. He read her note through again to see if he had overlooked some kindly word, to see if she had written "my love." Then he thought to himself that the little note was written for her father to see—for his faith in her was great; he could not believe that her love for him was not as true and as fervent as his love for her.

"Have you some good news there, Felix?" asked the feeble voice of his father; and the next moment Felix had repressed the emotions so rapidly mastering him, as he crushed the letter in his hand.

"It is only a note from Violet, father," he replied; and the satisfied smile on his father's face rewarded him. Darcy Lonsdale knew that while Violet was true to his idolised son nothing else would hurt him.

They were alone—father and son—for Kate had gone to the nursery—when the hall-door bell rang. Felix said cheerfully:

"Here is a visitor."

"Few visitors will come here; we have lost a fortune, not found one;" said Darcy Lonsdale, who had never spoken a cynical word before.

But it was a visitor, and one whom they were both content to see. It was Evelyn Lester, with a basket of grapes and delicacies of all kinds for the invalid, and, what was better still, with the light of love and kindness on her sweet face, and with words of sympathy on her lips. As Felix saw her bending over his father, he half wished for a moment that Violet had done something like this—had come to see them in their distress. Then he blamed himself for wishing that she were other than she was. Violet was a goddess to be worshiped—Evelyn a mortal woman. He saw his father's face brighten as the girl's sweet voice soothed him with well chosen words.

"I knew you would come, Eva," he said. "Felix, place a chair for her close here by my side; it is like breathing the fresh air of May to look at you, Eva. Now tell me, child, something that will brighten me."

It was a pretty picture—the invalid lying on his couch the girl with her sweet face and earnest eyes bending over him, and, watching them at a distance, the handsome son; the fire burned brightly, the lamps were lighted, while outside the north wind wailed mournfully.

Evelyn took up a bunch of ripe purple grapes.

"I want to see you eat some of these," she said. "Mrs. Lonsdale told me that you ate nothing yesterday." And taking the grapes one by one in her white fingers she held them to his lips.

How could he refuse her? He was so weak and feeble, he had been so completely crushed by cruel words, that the girl's simple kindness moved him.

"I have been heart-broken, Eva," he said. "I did not care to get well."

"You will live it down," she returned gently; "and those who have doubted you will be the first to feel ashamed of their injustice."

"You have never doubted me?"

"Oh, never. How could I? I should doubt all the world first."

Then she rose from her chair and knelt down by his side; she took both his hands—such thin, worn hands!—in hers, and held them there.

"I came to say something to you, Mr. Lonsdale," said she; "and now that I am here I have hardly the courage. Promise not to be angry with me."

"I could not be if I tried, dear child," he replied.

Her face flushed, and the light deepened in her eyes.

"You have known me all your life," she said—"have you not?—ever since I came here, a little friendless child."

"Yes, it is true, Eva."

"And you have always been kind to me. I have come to you in a score of childish troubles, and you were always kind to me. Now I want you to let me repay you for all your kindness." She spoke so quickly that he could not interrupt her. "I want to help you. You know that I have money, plenty of money, all lying idle—for I want none, and Aunt Jane will not touch it. Do accept it; let me give it to you. I shall never want it, for I shall never marry. Do take it; you would make me happier than any one in the whole world if you would. I am so grieved and so sorry that I would go out and work for you if you would let me. If you would not accept it, borrow it until you can repay me. Do not refuse me—let me help you."

Felix had come nearer to her, listening in wonder to the passionate words. Mr. Lonsdale drew the fair head down nearer to him.

"So you would give me all your fortune, Eva?"

There was a glad light in her eyes when she raised them to his.

"I would—double my fortune if I had it," she replied.

"And why, Eva—tell me why you would be so good to me?"

The rich crimson flush burned her fair face; she knew why, but she could not tell him.

"Because I love you all, and you are my dearest friends," she replied.

"And you would give it to me all without reserve, Eva?"

"All, and more if I had it," was her answer; and then there was silence for some minutes, while the fire burned brightly and the north wind wailed.

"My dear Evelyn," said Darcy Lonsdale—and his voice was broken with emotion—"how shall I ever thank you?"

An expression of perfect rapture came over the girl's face.

"You will let me do it?" she cried. "You have made me one of the happiest girls in the world!"

The thin hands clasped hers, the sunken eyes looked tenderly into hers.

"Will I let you give it to me, my dearest Eva? No—a thousand times no! It is not for the money I am thanking you, but for the thought, for the intention. You have gladdened my heart, you have gladdened my life—you have given me the courage to get better, you have given me hope. I shall be so much the better for your coming."

"But that is not the point!" she cried. "Dear Mr. Lonsdale, do accept the money. Ah, if you knew how little I cared for it, and how much I care for you—if you knew the pleasure it would give me, you could not refuse!"

He drew the sweet face down to him and kissed it.

"My dear Eva, I would rather have the offer made to me than any other. You have restored some of my self-esteem, child, some of my self-respect."

Evelyn looked up in wonder, for Felix had bent down and kissed her hand; he gazed at the sweet flushed face with wonder.

"Eva," he said, "you are an angel. I shall never forget what you have said and done. I shall never forget that you have given a desponding, almost despairing man, hope."

And again there came to him just a parting wish, a faint fleeting desire, that Violet had shown the same affection for them; but again he checked the thought. Violet was a golden-haired goddess, and goddesses did not go about making offers of their possessions to unfortunate men.

Eva could hardly be comforted because they would not take her money. She did win one promise from Darcy Lonsdale, and that was, that if he saw himself very hardly pushed he would borrow a few hundred at least to go on with. But, though she had not succeeded in the one great object of her visit, she had at least done good—she left more hopeful hearts behind her.

Later on, when Felix had seen Eva home and Kate had listened with eyes dimmed by tears to the story of her generosity, the family sat round the fire discussing the event.

"I shall get well now, Kate," said Darcy Lonsdale; "yesterday I felt that it was a matter of indifference to me whether I lived or died, and now I have hope. Some persons in the world retain their old faith in me. I shall get well, and, as Evelyn says, I shall live my troubles down."

He had not been so cheerful since the first shadow of the cloud appeared; and from the depths of her heart Kate Lonsdale blessed the generous girl who had done so much good.

"I wish," she said to herself, "that Felix had chosen Evelyn. I should think of his future with hope if he were going to marry her." For in the depths of Mrs. Lonsdale's loving heart there lurked some little fear of beautiful Violet Haye.

So the winter passed. Mr. Lonsdale recovered his health but slowly; the spring of his life seemed broken—he found living his troubles down more difficult then he had anticipated. He had drawn himself from all positions of trust; he gave up his office as churchwarden, he would no longer be overseer.

"If they could believe that of me," he said, "I will hold no trust amongst them."

And he did not. What business was brought to his office he did, but he no longer mixed with his fellow-men. He had taken a leading part in all the business of the town; now he was absent from all the meetings, and there was a sense of remorse amongst his old friends—a slight feeling that perhaps they had misjudged him. Still he found life hard. There were times when the brave heart would have giving way but for the remembrance that the few nearest and dearest to him had trusted him.

Felix had had his difficulties; he had hastened to the Limes as soon as possible after the receipt of his letter. Francis Haye received him coolly.

"I do not wish," he said, "to part you from Violet—I do not say that the engagement must be broken off; but I do say that the marriage must not take place until you are in a better position to support a wife."

There was nothing but for Felix to submit; he had to trample down the wild longing, the passionate love—and his sorrow educated him. He learned patience, perseverance, and self-control. The trial would have been easier to bear had he found that Violet was distressed about it. He looked in vain for some trace of sorrow on the lovely laughing face—for some sign of regret; there was none. She had written a very pretty note of condolence to Darcy Lonsdale, and when Felix talked to her she shook her golden hair and said it was very sad; but, when he went to her with his heart full of passionate love, passionate longing and regret, and spoke about their marriage being deferred, she looked very gravely at him and said—

"It cannot be helped, Felix; and after all what does it matter? What difference will a few years make? By not marrying now, we both escape the misery of living on limited means."

But he was half mad with his misery, and was not to be put off with such words. He took her white hands in his, and held them in an iron grasp.

"Have you no pity to extend to me?" he cried. "Have you no word to comfort me? Have you no heart? That which is a relief to you is deadly torment, deadly anguish, to me. Oh, Violet, you would have been a truer woman if you had clasped your arms round my neck, if you had laid your face upon my shoulder, and consoled me!"

The ring of passion in his voice frightened her, as it always did; she shrank with a scared face from the great love she could not understand.

"I have to work and wait;" he said. "Oh, my beautiful love, I would work for you as no man worked, if need should be! It is not that, but I had built up my hopes, and it is hard to see them all destroyed. I had believed that this year I should take my darling home to begin the life that would be joy for me. I am young, and feel keenly; it is a terrible disappointment to me—a terrible blow. Oh, Violet, help me bear it!"

She raised her beautiful, half-frightened face to his.

"What can I do to help you?" she said.

"Kiss me. I will not have a shy, coy, formal kiss, Violet. Kiss me as though your heart answered to mine. Say you are sorry for me, and that you will love me and wait. Say all this—my heart is hungry for it."

She did as he wished. She laid her golden head on his breast and whispered to him that she was sorry, he welcomed pain—it was all untold bliss for him because it won a little kindness from her.

"I shall bear it all now, my darling," he said. "The waiting, the suspense, the uncertainty, the disgrace—I shall bear it all, I shall remember these moments, and I shall bless the pain that brought me this happiness."

A few moments after she looked up and gave a little low laugh.

"How strange it is!" she said. "After all, you know I never quite promised."

Felix smiled. He was too happy then to think seriously of her words.

"I have given you the greatest love Violet, that a man can give a woman. You will not give me ashes in return. I have no fear—my heart rests on you. The only thing that I deplore is that months must pass yet before I can call my darling my own, yet I shall wait and work in hope. All things come to him who knows how to wait; and you will come, my beautiful love, in time."

There was something pathetic in his deep love and great trust.

He left her that evening feeling happier than he had felt for some time. Violet loved him. She had never been so kind to him before. He forgot that he had asked her for the kindness—it had not been spontaneous. "There is a silver lining to every cloud," he thought, as he walked home. "But for this trouble I should never have known how Violet loved me. She was so shy and reserved before, now she is kind and gracious. Sorrow has been my sun—it has brightened my love."

Felix kept his word. He worked hard and denied himself much that makes life bright, but the labor was one of love. He could not see Violet so often to the Limes in the evening. On the part of Francis Haye there was a sort of armed neutrality. He watched the young lovers, he took care that they should not enjoy many *tete-a-tete*, but he did not take any active proceeding. He was a worldly man, and after all Felix Lonsdale might accomplish something out in the world. The chances were, all things considered, in his favor. Felix had his consolations in the shape of little love-letters, enclosing violets, forget-me-nots, pretty leaves, or some rare flowers—letters that in after-years were like strains of half-forgotten music to him. They were very simple letters, but they were far more dear and precious to him than if they had contained gems of poetry and wonders of prose. The arrival of one of them brightened his whole day. How he read and re-read it, pondering each word in his mind, to see how much it conveyed, and then locking the letters away at night with his treasures. In what words of rapture he answered Violet's notes—for he had but one love, Violet; one hope, which was to win Violet; one faith, which was centred in Violet.

So winter wore away, and genial, lovely spring, heralded by snowdrops and crocuses, came to gladden the hearts and souls of men.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BRIC-A-BRAC.

TO MAKE WATER FREEZE.—This curious feat can only be performed in winter. Set a quart pot upon a stool before the fire, throwing a little water upon the stool first. Then put a handful of snow into the pot, having privately conveyed into it a handful of salt. Stir it about for eight or ten minutes with a short stick, and the congelation will be effected.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—There is no other spoken language so cheap and expressive by telegraph as the English. So the electric wires are becoming teachers of our mother tongue in foreign countries. The same amount of information can be transmitted in fewer English words than French, German, Italian, or any other European language. In Germany and Holland especially, it is coming to be a common thing to see telegrams in English, to save expense and ensure precision.

CURIOUS SWARMING OF BEES.—A curious fact has just occurred in a commune of the Aube, France. A swarm of bees escaped from a hive and established itself in the letter-box of the place a few minutes after the letters had been taken away. When the postman went to the box the next morning he was like to be blinded by the insects, which rushed out of the slit and absolutely prevented him from putting the key in the lock. The bees had to be smoked before the letters could be got at without danger.

THE ABORIGINES.—In a paper lately read before the British Association, there is an effort to maintain that hybridity on a grand scale has resulted on the continent of America from the complex union of different races with the native red races. Exception is taken to the common opinion that in the struggle for existence between the civilized European races and the American aborigines, the latter are doomed to utter extinction, leaving the land to be occupied by the pure descendants of the former. It is considered beyond doubt that from an early period there has been intermarriage between the native and foreign races, and it is said that the impression begins to prevail in the United States and Canada that the Indians will not become extinct, but that through the healthy intermarrying which has been going on to an extent of which unobserving critics have no conception, they are destined to exert an enduring influence on the population.

JEWS WHO HAVE WON TITLES.—It has been said that if Lord Beaconsfield were made a Duke he would be the first of Jewish blood that has ever borne the equivalent of that title since the dispersal; but this is a mistake. Don Joseph Hasal, descendent of a Spanish family that fled from the torments of the Inquisition, rose to great eminence three centuries ago, at the Court of the Sultan, and as a reward for his services received the Island of Naxos, with a title equivalent to that of "Duke of Naxos." Beaconsfield is not the only Earl, either, that is of Hebrew blood and flourishing to-day. An Italian Israelite, named Camondo, who had expended a large part of a great fortune in charity, and had won a fame like our Peabody, was created an Earl years ago by Victor Emmanuel, and the Earls of Camondo are found now in Turin, Paris and Constantinople.

SAGACITY OF WILD GEESE.—The large flocks of geese which are constantly passing over towns, are frequently shot at, but they generally fly at too high an altitude to be reached by the leaden missiles. Sometimes, however, the shots take effect. The other day several persons were watching a flock flying southward, when the report of a gun was heard, and they observed one of the geese begin to fall slowly. The others, perceiving that their comrade was wounded, uttered shrill cries of distress, and about a dozen of them flew under the wounded bird, huddling together so that their backs formed a sort of a bed upon which the wounded one was rested. They buoyed it up for some time, the others meanwhile looking on and manifesting their concern by uttering loud, discordant shrieks. Finding that their companion was unable to accompany them in their flight, they abandoned him to his fate, and he fell to the earth and into the hands of the expectant gunner.

IT is a curious thing that the Turks are as great connoisseurs of drinking water as Western Europeans are of wine. Wine is forbidden by the Koran. To suit popular tastes, the water-sellers at Constantinople supply the beverage in the names of the sources from whence it has been procured. The water of the extensive basins of rain water, known locally by the name of "Taxiom" (the Pera reservoir) though muddy is not unwholesome, and when allowed to settle, or is filtered, it is held in esteem, as is also the water of Cara Koulak, a spring near Tokat, on the Asiatic side o the Bosphorus, and that from a spring near Scutari. A copious spring at Heicos, also on the Asiatic side, supplies the shipping at Constantinople. The water at Kani kavak spring is perhaps the purest spring water in the world, for by careful analysis it has been proved to rank next in purity to distilled water. Two sources in the Valley of Roses, called Fundulih and Kestane are in great demand among the natives; but the water mostly drank by the highest class comes from two springs in Asia, called Goziepe and Tush-Delen. The quality of the Oriental sherbet depends largely upon the quality of the water from which it is made, and therefore these Moslems are so particular.

THE idea that grass may be preserved as well as other vegetable growths, may not be a source of surprise, but in South Africa, at Natal, grass is kept in the moist state for months by being buried in pits, the process being known as "ensilage." A large pit is dug in the ground in a dry situation, and filled with fresh-cut grass, which is packed closely down and covered with a thick layer of soil to exclude the air. Grass thus stored is apparently unchanged in its nutritive qualities. Cattle consume it with avidity and thrive well upon it.

IT is stated, upon good authority, that the French working classes spend less in proportion to their means than any in the world. Here is a lesson for all who cannot make their incomes meet their expenses.

THIS is the age for such bagatelles. A gentleman down East has made of fifteen grains of gold and silver a perfect steam-engine, which will run for twenty minutes with the steam generated from only three drops of water.

THE REVIEWER. NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York, send us "Antoinette," by Andre Theuriet, a story marked by much power and grace, and "The Great German Composers," the latter work being a series of graphic pen sketches of the eminent musicians, from Bach to Wagner. Both of these books belong to the "New Handy Volume Series," and are sold at the low price of 30 and 50 cents. For sale by Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., also publish and send us "Lessons in Cookery," the handbook of the National Training School for Cooking, to which is added "The Principles of Diet in Health and Disease," by Thomas K. Chambers, M. D., edited by Eliza A. Youmans. This is an invaluable work, not only for young ladies who take an interest in good cookery, but for housewives who desire really piquant dishes. It is arranged in the form of lessons, and each lesson produces a most savory dish. 382 pages; bound in fine ornamented cloth; price $1.75. For sale by Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bros., of this city, have published "A Quiet Life," a love story, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of those popular stories, "That Lass of Lowrie's," "Theo," etc. The characters are life like. It is a very pretty love story. One volume, paper cover, price 50 cents.

Under the title of "New Greece," Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin, of New York, will shortly issue a volume by Mr. Lewis Sargeant, which will comprise a survey of the actual condition of that country at the present day, and its history during the past few years. The work will be illustrated by two maps.

MAGAZINES.

Scribner's Monthly comes in with a superb appearance for October. There is a great deal of meat in this number and some chaff. The article on the "Art Schools of New York" is a direct puff in favor of those institutions in that city, and there are a series of illustrations copied from exceedingly bad drawings of the pupils. There is one of the best essays by the editor on "The Capitalist and the Laborer," in which the question of justice to employes arises. There is a richness of matter in the various papers, and the illustrations are, of course, of the very best kind. "A Company of Actors," by J. B. Matthews, with illustrations, is a very entertaining article. "Leo Marinus, the Sea King" is another. Then there are good stories, one by Bret Harte—"Miss Edith Becomes Neighborly"—which is very good. Altogether a fine number.

Lippincott's Magazine, for October, is entertaining as usual, while containing several contributions that merit particular notice. First in importance is Mr. George Kennan's paper on the "Unwritten Literature of the Caucasian Mountaineers," which exhibits a personal knowledge of this most interesting people, and embodies some of their stories and proverbs. The "General Exhibits" at the Paris Exposition are well described by Edward H. Knight, one of our Commissioners, with appropriate illustrations. Miss Kate Sanborn gives a very lively account of Lady Morgan, one of the most prominent figures in English literature and society during the first half of the present century. A sketch from life, entitled "Communists and Capitalists," by Octave Thanet, paints vividly some of the tragic scenes of the great strike of last year. "Of Barbara Hicks" is the title of a very quaint and pleasing love story of Quaker life. An illustrated paper on "Warwick and Coventry," by Lady Blanche Murphy, describes some of the social aspects as well as the architectural characteristics of those famous old towns. We must not omit to mention a letter from Mauritius, by Lady Barker, written with her usual animation and graphic power, "An Adventure in Cyprus," by David Ker, and fresh instalments of the two serials, "For Perceval" and "Through Winding Ways." The "Monthly Gossip" is bright and varied, including an account of the relations between Edgar Poe and the late Mrs. Whitman; with extracts from unpublished letters, a matrimonial dialogue on "A Little Perversity in Women," and brief discussions of topics that are more or less seasonable.

Appleton's Journal, for October, is full of good material. The frontispiece is drawn by C. S. Reinhart. "The Multitudinous Seas" is excellently illustrated and well written. Christian Reid begins a story called "A Hidden Treasure." "Housekeeping—English and American," by Mary Sheldon, will be found interesting. "Margaret Sinclair's Silent Money" is a good story. Dr. Geo. M. Beard in his paper on "Consolation for the Nervous," gives some very excellent hints and theorizes upon facts quite charmingly. There are seven excellent poems in this number, which sustain its high merit and make it one of the leading American magazines.

St. Nicholas, for October, is good for the Childrens' eyes. It is full of fine pictures and first rate stories and sketches. Mrs. Dodge is one of the wisest of editors when the little ones are to be pleased, and she offers us in this number a perfect feast of treasures. How can *St. Nicholas* be any better than it is?

The October *Wide Awake* opens with a very pleasing frontispiece, illustrating the opening story, "The Secret of the Trees." "Phronsie Popper's New Shoes" is also illustrated. These pictures, together with Miss Humphrey's drawing, "Weighing the Baby," and the score of pen and ink drawings by Boz for Hop-o'-My-Thumb, Mrs Clara Doty Bates' six-paged classic of Babyland, make the number very attractive for both old and young. "Naughty Fay" and the story of "Arty," in large print, have very charming pictures. The serials, "Trying to be True" and "Doc and Her Knights," are interesting. There is a fully illustrated paper about "Light-Houses" by Mary Lockwood, and much other good matter. Only $2 per annum. Ella Farman, editor. D. Lothrop & Co., publishers, Boston.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Many mistake the love of life for the fear of death.

Zeal without judgment is an evil, though it be zeal unto good.

The majority of mankind use their first years to make their last miserable.

Whoever can love nothing but his own likeness, has nothing but himself to love.

If a tree has not blossomed in the spring, you will vainly look for fruit on it in autumn.

Life, like the water of the sea, is not quite fresh and sweet till it rises toward heaven.

Many run after felicity, like an absent-minded man hunting his hat while it is on his head.

We should read books, not to quote them, but to strengthen our minds and stimulate thought.

If you would pass for more than your value, say little. It is easier to look than to talk wise.

Many persons of considerable importance don't understand that it is all self-importance.

The best friend is virtue; the best companions are high endeavors and honorable sentiments.

We talk of things before doing them; every action, like a statue, is modeled in the wax of words.

No man is always wrong. A clock that does not go at all is right twice in the twenty-four hours.

It is unfair to say that a man does good deeds only for effect, merely because he does them with effect.

Ambition often puts men to the meanest offices, as climbing is done in the same position as creeping.

In some apparently amiable natures there are unsuspected and unfathomable depths of resentment.

We are often more cruelly robbed by those who steal into our hearts than by those who break into our houses.

We are often harsh when we feel ourselves strong, and show indulgence only when conscious that we are in need of it ourselves.

By right education you give to the child a heaven with a polar star that will always guide him in whatever new countries he reaches.

Friendliness and smiles act on the heart like spirits of nitre on water—making it colder when it is cold, and warmer when it is warm.

Do not affect a motive in love. It is not a question of motive, but of fact. Don't marry to do good. The end won't sanctify the means.

The water that flows from a spring does not freeze in the coldest winter. And those sentiments of true friendship which flow from the heart, cannot be frozen by adversity.

Twilight steals over the earth like a mournful thought over the soul, and in our sorrowful moods, as in the shadows of the evening, we see stars that were before invisible.

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"As a manual of the best etiquette, it is really of permanent value."—Boston Gazette.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 28, 1878.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

OUR SUPERB PREMIUMS!

We call your especial attention to these pictures: Two Magnificent Art-Works. Companion Masterpieces:

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They have no resemblance whatever to the ordinary cheap chromos and colored lithographs which are so common, and they possess none of that meretricious gaudiness of color and tricky glare of varnish which characterize such imitations; but they are really SOLID WORKS OF ART, and they cannot fail to so impress every lover of the beautiful, and every one who takes the least interest in Household Decoration, for these oleographs would ornament any room, and lend grace to any wall, however humble.

"THE WHITE MOUNTAINS" represents an effect of misty mountain landscape in one of the notches of that celebrated range of picturesque precipices, the charms of which have been sung by every poet and lover of nature, with an enthusiasm of inspiration caught from these sublime peaks, these mighty depths of aboriginal forests, and these wonderful valleys of the Switzerland of America.

This oleograph is full of the sombre effect and gray tones of a landscape full of brooding storm, and the wild ruggedness of nature.

"THE YELLOWSTONE" is all sunshine, light, warmth, mellowness, and yet full of a weird grandeur. The breadth of the warm masses of chiaroscuro, the majestic modelling of the awe-inspiring cliffs, render this picture an efficient contrast, yet a perfect companion to the other.

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DELICATE COURTESIES.

Since the long-passed-away days of chivalry, civilization has long been upon the advance, and it was chivalry that accorded to woman a deference she had not before known; to meet that deference worthily she had to make herself as nearly as possible all that she was fancifully declared to be; and wherever the manners of women have been noble, the race and the state have led their times; and wherever they have been ignoble, race and state have decayed.

It is thus plain that it is to the preservation of fine and fitting manners in women that civilization must look for its own preservation in a measure. Reasoning from past example, we can only feel that its total destruction follows the degradation of half the race, and if for one generation women should find themselves regarded as something less than helpmeets, as toys, as vessels of clay, accepting, as the feminine mind is apt to do, the estimate of the superior, they will cease to respect themselves, will become the vessel of clay and will bear children who will only break down the race by the very weight of that clay.

If love makes the world go round, it is good manners which oil the wheels, and even the grand motive power itself, would be of small avail, if the friction were not overcome by this gentle lubrication, and perhaps love itself would not exist, in its nobler forms, but for the sheltering arms of good manners. It is an endless circle, indeed; the last producing the first, yet not being able to exist without the first. The soft word, the kind deed, the thoughtful glance, the tenderness of other's feelings, do they not as often kindle love as more beauty does, and are they not the source of all the delicate courtesies of life?

Of the very important elements in these delicate courtesies, and which are never absent from them, the first is absolute consideration of others, and the second is unobtrusive personal behavior. Complete repose of manner is the chief desideratum with all of these, and repose of manner, when analyzed, is found to be little more than complete personal unobtrusiveness, the refusal to assert one's own emotions and impose them upon the rest of the world—the self-respect of reserve. And while this repression of self makes the happiness of the family circle, it is the same thing on a larger scale, that serves as a constituent of the good government of the state, that regards the general good, the commonwealth of all, rather than of the individual.

Now science comes in to tell us that copper is good for the human system. It is, of course, a good thing to possess a copper mine, or a good quantity of coppers, but Mr. Burg, at the International Congress of Hygiene, gave some curious facts respecting the immunity from cholera enjoyed by coppersmiths. His researches have extended over twenty years. He had tried the effects of copper on himself, taking it in the form of a sulphuret. The point was to become impregnated with the copper, to have a certain amount of it in the system. Vegetables colored green, are therefore, by this theory, entirely innocuous.

DURING the anniversary service in honor of M. Thiers, in Paris, a man presents himself arrayed in a long robe, hung with tricolored fringes, wearing a straw hat and bearing on his heart, inscribed in letters of gold, the words "Liberty and Work." The ushers at first took him for some Asiatic delegate, or freemason in official robes, but on inquiry he turned out to be a poor, harmless maniac, who wished to do honor to the memory of the great little Thiers. He was removed without creating any great disturbance.

A WOMAN interviewed a physician of celebrity out West, to obtain permission to have a child cremated, she having had the body preserved in a vault previously. She first wrote him, but would not take his denial by letter, and so came and sat in the doctor's office for more than an hour, trying to persuade him by tears and pleadings to perform the service, but he continued to refuse on the ground that he would have more than he could do did he once break his rule.

DR. BARNARDO, of London, was the first physician to institute the system of temperance coffee houses. He was able, in the east end of London, to secure a magnificent gin palace and a large shop They were fitted up in an extremely attractive way, and there the workingman escaped the ruinous temptation to drink, which has been the curse of many a metropolis.

Now the great demand for good books, papers, and periodicals comes in from all quarters. The reading public have returned from summer quarters, and are ready for the winter literary campaign. A cheap and excellent weekly is the POST, with its attendant oleographs.

VALUABLE and graphic papers upon the history and philosophy of fashion, toilettes, Fall costumes, the æsthetics of dress, as well as the most useful recipes, will be found in the "Ladies' Department."

THERE are three fine stories now running in our columns—"Weaker than a Woman," "Sylvia; or, The Fernley Pride," and "Mabel's Victory; or, The Cost of a Will;" all of which are by the best authors.

THERE has been no epoch of the world's history in which keen, impartial, and even trenchant criticism has been so freely meted out to the writers, painters, and thinkers of the age as this.

SERIALS of the highest interest and power, and short stories, will follow one another in rapid succession, so that our readers cannot complain of lack of variety in our columns.

SANCTUM CHAT.

SWITZERLAND does not impose capital punishment for murder and the ordinary penalty for that crime is from five to six years imprisonment.

—

IT is alleged that a strange feature of the yellow fever is that the atmosphere which is so deadly to some human systems, operates tonically upon others and improves their health immensely.

—

"SEX in education" is extending to Japan, and stimulating the girls of the period there to seek the founts of knowledge abroad, for Miss Stemats Yamagawa and Miss Shiga Nagai have gone to Vassar College to perfect themselves in all the branches.

—

A MR. HO, one of the secretaries attached to the Chinese Legation, in London, has undertaken to translate into his vernacular, Shakspeare's plays, and Blackstone's Commentaries. This latter work will no doubt be cheerful reading for his countrymen who have aspirations for the bar.

—

THE Austrian police have handed over to the authorities of Berne, Switzerland, a lady of that nation who, under the name of "The Russian Countess Cajewska," is said to have disposed of false jewelry during the last three years, chiefly in Nice, Monaco and Paris, to the amount of two hundred thousand dollars.

—

IT is a good thing that more attention is being paid to the life saving service along our stormy coast. All the life saving stations along the New Jersey coast were opened for duty more than a week ago, two months earlier than heretofore, and are to remain open until spring. It is now the very season when these stations are in most demand.

—

IT was on the body of Bill Brazelton, of Arizona, that they found belts full of cartridges, two revolvers, one Spencer rifle, a bowie knife, a Mexican dagger, a bottle of poison, some dynamite cartridges, a mask, and some watches recently taken from passengers in a stage coach. The Sheriff argued at the inquest that Bill must have been a desperado and a robber, and deserved to be shot as he had been.

—

THE resurrectionists have been at work again in Cleveland, Ohio, where an intense excitement was created by the discovery in the vat of a college there, of another body, the remains of an old lady who died nearly a month ago. The college authorities, hearing of the intended search for the body, had it taken to an undertaker, properly dressed and coffined, and delivered to her friends. The chief members of the faculty were arrested, but released on bail. The cases of the janitor and two supposed accomplices were continued until Monday.

—

MYSTERIES are on the increase. One Captain Tilford, master of a bark lying at one of the New York piers, was kidnapped, drugged and robbed only a week ago. While walking down the street with a large amount of money in his possession, two men accosted him, saying, "Captain, some friends of yours in that carriage would like to see you," pointing to a hack standing at the curb. He approached the hack and was about to speak, when a sack was thrown over his head—he was forced into the carriage and became insensible. When he recovered it was night; and he was lying in a cemetery. He discovered that his money was gone, and making his way with difficulty home he reported the case to the detectives.

—

THERE are twenty-one central prisons in France for prisoners with sentences of five years and over. The cell system is adopted for prisoners not sent up for more than a year and a day; but in the central prisons as many as one hundred men sleep in one ward, certain of their number being responsible for the preservation of order. The dormitories are lighted, and there are openings from the galleries through which the guards may inspect them. By day the men work in *ateliers*—fifty or a hundred in each. Shoes, chairs, woven fabrics, buttons, umbrellas, ferrules, Chinese lanterns, etc., are manufactured. Half the profits of the prisoner's work goes to the State. He is allowed to spend a quarter in procuring special articles of diet, etc., and the remaining quarter is paid to him on leaving, so that a discharged convict often finds himself with from one hundred dollars to three hundred dollars cash capital.

—

HENRY FAXON, of Buffalo, is said never to have recovered from a fright that Blondin gave him, his nervous system receiving a lasting shock. Blondin was about to start on one of his walks on a rope across the chasm below Niagara Falls. Faxon stood laughing and jesting on the edge of the precipice overlooking the river 140 feet below. Blondin, motioning to the bystanders for silence, seized Faxon under both armpits from behind, and held him for a second or two over the verge. Faxon's countenance when Blondin laid hold of him was irradiated with mirth. When Blondin drew him back and dropped him on the greensward, he sank in a heap, horror stricken. In the next instant, Blondin, grasping his heavy balancing pole, danced out on his rope beyond the precipice, and, turning to enjoy the effect of his manœuvre, saluted his collapsed friend with a comical gesture.

THERE are eleven thousand female telegraph operators in England.

THE POST has a circulation extending over the entire country.

HELP the Southern brethren.

DUELLING IN THE PRESENT DAY.

As duelling is not likely to die out for a while yet, a few words on the laws and customs which regulate this method of slaying one's neighbor, not in France only, but all over the continent, may prove interesting. It is generally accepted that duels should be fought with pistols, foils or cavalry sabres, but the insulted party has his choice of weapons, and nothing prevents him from selecting field cannons, as a famous Polish actor once did in a quarrel with a Russian Colonel. The insulted party may also claim that the fight shall be waged with the weapons he has himself provided, but the usual plan is for both principals to bring their weapons, and for the four seconds to decide on the ground which is the most suitable. A peaceful man who has no weapons of his own can always hire some of the gunmakers, who in all Continental capitals keep a beautiful assortment of foils weighing no heavier than willow switches, and of highly polished pistols which it is a real pleasure to handle on a fresh sunny morning before one has breakfasted.

In pistol duels, the principals stand twenty paces apart, and fire at will after the signal has been given by one of the seconds, who counts three and then drops a handkerchief. The practice of allowing the challenger to fire first has fallen into disuse, but in cases of deadly insult, where both men mean mischief, it is arranged that after the signal the two shall be at liberty to advance to within five paces of each other, so that if one fires immediately and misses, the other can step up and shoot him almost at arm's length.

The number of shots to be exchanged depends on preliminary conventions, but it is seldom that the seconds do not declare that honor is satisfied after the second shot. The principals are entirely in the hands of their seconds, and must obey without discussion. They must not speak to one another upon the ground, nor make any remarks aloud to show that they have any share in regulating the conditions of the combat. They are there to fight, not to talk, and it rests with the seconds to select the ground, to see that neither principal has the sun in his eyes, to load the pistols, and to ascertain that both men are dressed in ordinary clothes and have no such thing as a shirt of mail concealed under their waistcoats.

Previous to a duel, the seconds have to determine whether a meeting is expedient or possible. Custom forbids a man to challenge one to whom he owes money, who is his coheir to an estate, who is engaged in a lawsuit with him, or who is by twenty-five years his senior; and custom also allows a man to refuse a challenge from a person who has been convicted of any offence of a dishonest character, or who may have waylaid him after dark either to assault him or to put an affront on him with a view of compelling him to fight.

In foil or sword duels, one of the seconds ought to stand midway between the combatants, but a little aside, with a walkingstick in his hand to parry foul thrusts. This function, however, demands so much expertness of hand and eye that in duels between civilians it is rare that a man can be found to undertake it. Failing such a check, it is sufficient to warn the combatants that no thrust must be aimed below the waist or above the chin, that a man must not duck down on his knee nor grasp his adversary's weapon, nor transfer his own weapon from hand to hand, nor lunge when his adversary is disarmed or standing off his guard.

Italians and Spaniards often fight naked to the waist. Frenchmen remove their coats and waistcoats only, and sometimes their boots when the grass is slippery, for it has not yet occurred to them to use cricketing shoes. At the first blood the seconds must stop the fight to examine whether the sufferer is in a condition to go on. When one man has received two wounds, however slight, it is usual to put an end to the encounter, even if the preliminary conditions have settled a battle to the death, for it is rightly considered that loss of blood puts a man at disadvantage.

It has often been said that the most dangerous adversaries are those who cannot fence at all, and this is true, for the practiced and skilful swordsman is often bewildered by the novice who poises his foil like a lance and bears down on him with a rush. On the other hand, the good swordsman whose nerves are steady has only to extend his arm in such a conjuncture, and the novice will be spitted like a fowl.

French civilians very seldom fight with any arm save foils, but in cavalry regiments duels between privates and non-commissioned officers are always waged with sabres. These encounters are of frequent occurrence, for it is the habit of colonels to order two men to fight when there has been bad blood between them for some time, and it must be owned that this rule has stopped a good deal of bullying in the barrack rooms. The regimental fencingmaster always stands near with a stick to see that the combatants do not inflict any serious injury on each other, and he is indeed liable to be tried by court martial and reduced to the ranks if he allows a man to be maimed. The wounds he commends are the light half inch deep slash, which cuts across the breast, or the slice athwart the fleshy part of the neck and the shoulder, or the lobe of the ear. In Germany where all military men fight with sabres, and where university students settle their affairs of honor with rapiers as sharp as razors, the gashing of one's adversary's face is the favorite object.

The etiquette of duelling is much stricter in Germany than in France, for in the former country aristocratical prejudices are still deeply rooted, and these prohibit a nobleman or an officer (or a commission confers temporary nobility) from crossing swords with a tradesman. An officer who is assaulted by a tradesman may run him through on the spot, or fell him with the pommel of his sword, without incurring punishment; but he must not go out with him. In France there are no recognized social grades, and a general would be expected to encounter his baker if they had quarreled on any subject but baking; for instance, about politics in a railway car. Of late years, however, duelling has gone much out of fashion with ordinary folks, and is almost exclusively confined to journalists, politicians, officers, and fast young men. A young man is required to fight if he gets mixed up in any quarrel in which blows or ugly words are exchanged, but he is no longer bound to court at least one fight in order to prove that he has spirit.

Even in the army, duelling has become the exception, and a man of good temper can go through the whole of his career without getting a challenge, unless he be so unlucky as to meet a brute who is maliciously bent upon fastening a quarrel on him. An instance of this sort, which occurred about fifteen years ago, led to a duel that has become memorable in the army, and has possibly prevented many other duels. A young lieutenant, who was serving in a lancer regiment, and who was much liked by his comrades on account of his sunny ways and his upright character, found himself suddenly visited by the systematic spite of an uncouth bully, his superior. This fellow, a captain, was never tired of vexing the lieutenant, and one day, in the course of a discussion at table, he gave him the lie direct, and followed it up with a box on the ear. The lieutenant left the room, and by and by, to the consternation of his friends, announced that his religious principles forbade him to fight duels. In vain it was pointed out to him that he would be taxed with cowardice and avoided; he held good until the colonel summoned him and gave him his choice between fighting and sending in his papers at once. Then the lieutenant, whose bravery had been proved in battle, agreed to a duel, but, as the insulted party, he stipulated that he and his adversary should fire over a handkerchief, one holding a loaded pistol and the other one that was not loaded. The captain pulled a face at this, but he had to submit, and they met accordingly at daybreak. The choice of weapons was drawn for by lot, and, each holding the end of a handkerchief, the signal to fire was given. The captain at once pulled his trigger, but there was no report, and it was seen that he held the empty pistol. Thereupon the seconds looked at the lieutenant, making sure that he would evince his magnanimity by sparing his aggressor's life. But he did nothing of the sort. Coldly he pulled his trigger and blew out the bully's brains; then stooping over the weltering body, he dipped his hand in the blood and smeared his face with it. "There—do you consider that I have wiped out the blow I received?" he excitedly cried to the horrified bystanders, and throwing down his pistol he strode from the ground. The same day he sent in his resignation, and soon afterward became a monk; but he left in his regiment a legend which is always recalled when it is sought to point a moral as to the fate which may overtake bullies.

Memoir of B. H. Moore.

(From the Journal of the Franklin Institute.)

Bloomfield Haines Moore was born in the city of Philadelphia, December 16th, 1819.

His parents, Samuel French Moore and Rachel Matlack Moore (whose maiden name was Haines), were members of the religious Society of Friends, and were natives of New Jersey.

The paternal ancestor of the fifth preceding generation, John Moore (son of Sir John Moore of Moore Hall, and a relative of William Penn), emigrated from his home in Lincolnshire, England, in 1677. His family was a branch of the Devonshire Moores, now extinct in England.

The Harvard class history of the son of Mr. Bloomfield H. Moore mentions the fact that the family bible, brought from England by one of his paternal ancestors, is of the edition of 1616, printed in London; and that the family bible of his mother's family is "the Geneva version of 1599, much valued on account of its notes." Both of these ancestors belonged to the Society of Friends, and left England on account of religious persecution, following William Penn to this country, after first sending a commissioner, who purchased tracts of land (for them and their connections) in New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts.

During the latter part of the last century, the descendants of John and Benjamin Moore were notified, first by advertisements in Trenton and Philadelphia newspapers, and afterwards by letters from a solicitor in London, that they were heirs to an estate in England, amounting to some millions of pounds sterling. The answer, sent back by Joseph Moore, who represented the family on this occasion, was that they had enough of this world's goods, and were contented with their situation in life. As this property was left by a will registered in Doctors' Commons in London, an effort was made, early in this century, by one of the descendants, to recover the estate, but as the house of Joseph Moore had been burned in the meantime with all its contents, including the family papers, the attempt was abandoned, as involving too much expense.

The descendants of John Moore, in western New Jersey, were large landed proprietors, and lived upon their property down to the time of Mr. B. H. Moore's grandfather, Amasa Moore, who married Agnes French. Bethuel Moore, the father of Amasa, survived his son twenty-one years, and, although the wealthiest man in Burlington county, he had the good sense to choose trades for his orphan grandchildren, the three sons of Amasa Moore. It was he, also, who furnished the capital with which they went into business for themselves after they had learned their trades. He died March 4th, 1831, aged 89 years.

A friend of the family, the late Jacob Ridgway, befriended the young architects and builders, and did all that was in his power to throw business into their hands.

Samuel French Moore, the father of the subject of this sketch, and grandson of Bethuel Moore, was a man of marked ability. Owing to failing health, he gave up his occupation for operations in real estate. Success attended whatever he touched, but he died at the early age of 40, leaving his two children to the guardianship of Mr. Ridgway, who also administered their father's estate.

Mr. Samuel F. Moore's widow continued to reside in the house built for her by her husband, until her death, which took place May 19th, 1861. The house, which is still owned by her son, Carlton Ridgway Moore, now living in Virginia, is situated on Carlton Square, in a street named after Lady Callowhill, a relative of William Penn. Carlton Square was in a pleasant suburb of our city (surrounded as it was by old country seats) at the time the site was chosen by a small colony of Quaker families: but at the present time this street is principally occupied by shops and dwellings of an inferior character, with the exception of this one block of now venerable houses in Carlton Square, and the newer residences opposite.

The maternal ancestor of Mr. Moore, Richard Haynes, after his imprisonment in England for being a Quaker, emigrated to America to escape religious persecution. The homestead, for which a patent was granted at Evesham, N. J., in 1683, is still in possession of the Haines family, who have changed the y into an i in their name. George Haines, who died at the age of 79, April 13th, 1877, was one of the oldest physicians in New Jersey. He was the brother of Mr. Moore's mother.

The early education of Mr. Moore was conducted at the well known Friends' School of Isaac Taylor and Thomas Conrad, where he was prepared for passing examination at Princeton College, according to the wish of his father; but objections being raised by a member of the family of his guardian, and a course of study at Clermont Academy (formerly a military school) advised, the sons of Samuel French Moore finished their school education at this academy, which bore a high reputation in its day.

Bloomfield H. Moore then entered the office of Mr. Ridgway, in which he remained until he went into business for himself. In October, 1842, Mr. Moore was married to Clara, only daughter of Augustus E. Jessup, of Western Massachusetts; and in 1843, Mr. Moore gave up the business in which he had invested a legacy of $10,000, left to him by his guardian, and entered into partnership with his father-in-law, Augustus E. Jessup, under the firm name of Jessup & Moore, dealing in paper and paper stock.

In 1845 the firm of Jessup & Moore enlarged their business by commencing the manufacture of paper on the Brandywine. Mr. Jessup, as a scientist, had many years before made experiments for improving the manufacture of paper, and in consequence of his success in these experiments, he had established his well known paper mill in Westfield, Mass., where he made banknote paper, holding large contracts with the United States government for its manufacture. This mill he disposed of to his brothers when he removed to Philadelphia. Mr. Moore invested in this (to him) new business (the manufacture of paper) not only the profits of his previous business, but also the money that he inherited from his great-grandfather and his father. In addition to the united capital of the firm, Mr. Alfred Dupont, the classmate and lifelong friend of Mr. Jessup, advanced nearly fifty thousand dollars for enlarging the business, refusing to take from Mr. Jessup any mortgage, note, bond, or evidence of debt whatever, from the time of lending the money to the time of its return.

The original paper mill of Messrs. Jessup & Moore, now known as the Augustine Mill, has since been greatly enlarged by Mr. Moore, and is probably not excelled by any in the world for perfect adaptation to the work. Subsequently the firm erected paper mills at Rockland and near Coatesville, and have for years been the largest manufacturers of paper in this country.

Although actively engaged in a business which required close attention, rendered the more necessary by its rapid development, Mr. Moore found time for reading and for pursuits which were congenial to his taste, and for the accumulation of a very valuable library. Political economy and social science were branches to which he devoted considerable attention. Several monographs from his pen were published on occasions of public interest.

Mr. Moore became a member of the Franklin Institute in March, 1833, and was elected to its Board of Managers in 1864, and served as a manager until 1877.

In 1869, he was elected one of the vice-presidents of the Institute, and served eight years. From 1864 to 1874, he was one of the curators, and from 1867 to 1877, a member of the Committee on Publication, and during most of the time was chairman of the committee. For ten years he served on the Committee on the Library, and for nine years on the Committee on Exhibition. At the close of the year 1876, his family urging some relief for him from engagements outside of his business, he declined re-election to any official position in the Institute.

Mr. Moore died at his residence, South Broad street, Philadelphia, July 5th, 1878, from acute pneumonia, which supervened an attack of pleurisy. His illness was of one week only.

Endowed by nature with a well balanced mind, Mr. Moore was well calculated for the successful prosecution of whatever he undertook. Careful, without unnecessary timidity, he was always ready to appreciate and take advantage of whatever tended to advance manufacturing skill in his department.

In his business relations he was affable, obliging, just, and careful to avoid offense; possessing qualities valued in social intercourse, he was an intelligent and agreeable companion, and he leaves a large circle of friends, who unite with his family in mourning his loss while in the meridian of his strength and usefulness.

Plagues in the Past.

The yellow fever epidemic in portions of the South may make the following sketch of the oriental plague and its ravages of interest. Its most frightful attack was centuries ago, when, under the name of Black Death, it wiped away, according to some estimates, one-third of the population of the Old World; but in modern history it has appeared not less than three times, and numbered its victims by tens of thousands.

The first occasion was in 1576, at Milan, Italy. Cardinal Charles Borromeo was then archbishop: he was so universally loved that his flock, his clergy even, besought him to save his life by flight; but the shepherd was faithful to his sheep, and would not desert them in their bitter extremity. He refused to leave, and throughout the many weary months during which the plague lasted, was constant at his post. He seemed to bear a charmed life, and when all but he and a few faithful ones like himself appeared to have abandoned all hope, he assembled his congregation under the mighty dome of the magnificent cathedral, and there, after solemn High Mass, knelt down and prayed God to take his life as an expiatory offering, and deliver his people from the curse.

Its next appearance was in Amsterdam, Holland, in 1663, whence, in the following year, it crossed the channel and visited London. From the following February until after the first frost of winter, its ravages were horrible. In one month not less than 50,000 people died, and the city so soon afterwards to be consumed by fire, was half depopulated. The symptoms were the same as they had been in Milan. A raging fever of a typhoid character was accompanied by malignant tumors on the inner side of the arms and thighs. The pain was excruciating, the thirst tormenting, and patients died by hundreds in the very delirium of madness. No Borromeo was there to direct the energies of the priests and nurses. There were deeds of heroism done, but it was not a heroic age. The profligate Charles II. was on the throne, and the Earl of Rochester and his set were scarcely the men to follow in the footsteps of the grand archbishop.

When the pestilence was at its height, the condition of London was frightful. Whole streets bore upon the doors a cross, roughly painted in red, with the inscription, "The Lord have mercy upon us," as a sign that one or more of the inmates were dead or dying. The grass grew in the thoroughfares that used to be crowded, and where brilliant carriages had traveled to and fro at every hour of the day, only the tracks of the dead cart were seen. There were none to bury the dead with appropriate or even decent ceremonies. Huge pits were dug in the outskirts, and the bodies of men, women and children, uncoffined, almost naked, were hurled in by the hundred. Corpses were left to fester and rot even in the lanes and alleys, and for some days it appeared as though enough would not be left alive to bury the dead. It was a carnival of crime. Thieves and housebreakers roamed the city at will, and hired nurses, impatient of the slow approach of death, murdered their charges by the hundred, and enriched themselves with the spoil. Quack doctors, fortune tellers, sellers of amulets and charms, and even vendors of poison, reaped huge profits.

The last and third appearance of the plague was at Marseilles, France, in 1721. The Parliament of Provence attempted to establish a military cordon around the city, but fugitives escaped and carried the disease elsewhere, and it was not until nearly 90,000 had perished that the plague abated.

Wherever it has appeared, an outbreak of crime has always accompanied the plague, but everywhere, also, there have been noble men and noble women, whose patient heroism stands out, brightly burning, to illuminate the page of history.

The oceanic currents, which extend from the equator toward the poles, are very extensive. One can be traced from India around by the Cape of Good Hope, passing by the Gulf of Mexico, along the eastern shores of North America to the coast of Greenland. It is 4000 leagues in length, and takes more than two years to finish its course. They act like all currents of water, whether on a large or small scale, in tearing away the shores along which they pass, and depositing the particles at the bottom of the ocean. They are probably owing to much the same cause as the trade winds. At the poles, the water is coldest at the surface, and warmer according to its depth; at the equator, the contrary is the case—it is warmest at the surface, and cooler below. The water when heated appears to pass off toward the poles to be cooled, in a great oceanic current on the surface, and probably returns when cooled, by a countercurrent at a great depth.

In the following rather ambiguous passage from a modern love letter to a young lady, we recognize a somewhat peculiar delicacy of sentiment: "How I wish, my dear Adelina, my engagements would permit me to go and see you! It would be like visiting some old ruin, hallowed by time and fraught with a thousand recollections."

Write your name with kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of the people you meet year by year, and you will not be forgotten.

THE SPARROW'S STORY.

We have sung for long in the low-walled garden,
We have flitted among the ivy leaves:
And, oh, we know that some hearts will pardon
The tiny sins of such tuneful thieves.
We have flown and hopped, to settle and flutter
Near some poor toiler's dull windowpane:
How happy we were when we heard her utter
A gentler speech for our song in the rain!

We have seen some city sights: One neighbor
Tending a lonelier, poorer waif,
Sharing the fruits of hard toil and labor
To lessen her grief, to keep her safe;
An old man led by a tender daughter
To feel the kiss of the warm bright sun;
A little child lifting a jug of water
To help the sick woman, whose work was done.

We flew in the murky air, near an attic:
A life struggled up for praise and fame,
While the sunset wrote in one hue emphatic
Praise and love of the one great name.
To the wistful eyes came a purer glory,
The poet forgot his efforts to rise
In reading the beautiful endless story
Written by God in the evening skies.

What though the bars of that window were narrow?
There was space for us—from the sunset we stole,
From the purple and gold—a little brown sparrow
May soothe and comfort a human soul.
We paused in the splendor of light, a picture,
A sweet little picture, to charm his thought,
To make him forget the blame and stricture
The busy world to his attic brought.

And now, when the sun has set, the glitter
Of day has faded, we muse in our nest
Of that busy world's tangle—its sweet and bitter,
The tears and laughter that settle to rest.
We pray in our little way to heaven,
As we hush to sleep in the clearer breeze;
And we know that our trespass on fruit is forgiven,
As we rock on the topmost bough of the trees.

Rest and labor, rest and labor:
We dream of the shining arbutus berry:
Rest and labor, love of our neighbor,
Children's voices to keep us merry.
We dream of the crumbs strewn by kindly fingers,
Of peaceful deeds, of merciful words;
Lastly the dream of His bounty lingers
Who loves and cares for the city birds.

SYLVIA;

—OR—

The Fernley Pride.

CHAPTER VII.

The drawing room at Beechwood was a long lofty room, with dark glossy panels from the ceiling to the floor; also oak-planked, and covered only in the centre with a dimly gorgeous carpet. There were three windows, all deep and arched; one was rich in stained glass, with a lozenge pane in the centre with the Fernley coat-of-arms. The furniture was of massive oak; and the whole effect, deep and powerful, had its sombreness relieved by a quantity of rare and beautiful china, and the magnificent china setting of a Venetian mirror.

I found the unwelcome visitor who had compelled me to leave my husband resting on a high backed chair, with her back to the light, a heavy lace veil covering her face. As I advanced I saw that she did not look young, and was dressed handsomely in dark colors. As she rose I noticed that her figure was tall and elegant.

"Mrs. Halse?" I said interrogatively.

My slight bow was not returned, nor did she answer immediately, and I stood still and looked at her inquiringly.

"Indeed, yes," she answered presently, in a quick, strange, rich voice which seemed half muffled by some strong emotion. She then reseated herself, and I took a chair near her.

A pause ensued. I was wondering what she had come for—certainly not for the mere purpose of calling. From her manner of suddenly sinking back on the chair I fancied she was feeling ill. Just as I was about to speak my thought, she slowly lifted her veil and looked at me.

Some odd confused thoughts came into my head as I returned the long gaze of the troubled dark eyes. Where had I seen the long oval cheeks, the straight nose with its full nostrils, the rich red tremulous lips, the lovely half-closed passionate eyes? I felt in a dream as I gazed.

"You are thinking my visit an intrusion," she began, smiling faintly. "I saw you at church yesterday with Mr. Fernley. Does he love you very much? You are a happy girl." Her eyes wandered slowly round the room and returned to me as I sat bewildered at such an address from a total stranger. "Yes," she went on in the same calm plaintive voice; "no doubt you are all-powerful with him; it is always so at first."

My color rose indignantly at her freedom, and I said very coldly, getting over my strange emotion of wonder, which grew the longer I gazed at her:

"We are strangers, I believe. Do you reside here? You made use of Mrs. Escombe's name."

"I did so," she returned softly, but steadily regarding me from under her large white eyelids. "I saw her on Saturday; she is not well. I think she is too ill to write to you."

"Indeed!"

"I fear our interview caused that illness."

In great astonishment I watched her draw out her delicate handkerchief and apply it to her eyes. I began to think Mrs. Halse might not be quite sane; most assuredly, if she had exhibited her eccentricities as freely to Mrs. Escombe as she was doing to me, I could understand that gentle, timid lady falling ill at their contemplation.

"Are you not mistaking me for someone else?" I asked mildly, under this new hypothesis.

"No, no, I do not make any mistake. You are that Sylvia Crawford, daughter of Lionel Crawford, whose marriage was announced in the newspaper last week. I saw it myself."

"Yes. What do you want of me?" I asked.

She was hurriedly feeling in her reticule for salts, and was soon smelling at them with feverish eagerness. I was beginning to get impatient at this display of mysterious emotion.

"You are only eighteen, and married but a week; but you are self possessed beyond your age. I wish I could be equally so. I wish I had never come near you!"

She spoke in a plaintive, injured tone, and fairly buried her face in her handkerchief and sobbed with hysterical violence.

"I ask, Who are you?" I said, rising with an inexplicable flutter, and crossing over to where she sat.

"I have made a mistake—a mistake in coming at all—I cannot get through it," she moaned helplessly. "Yet it was natural. I never knew you were found and restored to the family, till I saw your marriage in the newspaper; then I hastened at once to Mrs. Escombe, and learnt that you were indeed the Sylvia I had sought."

"You had sought!"

I stopped to gaze at her. She had dropped her handkerchief, and rose to her feet, lifting herself up by the arms of the carved Elizabethan chair.

"Since I have been resting I have found what was once an old friend. Let me try it: it is still responsive to my touch after many years." She turned to me, looking curiously eager; her large eloquent eyes shone through tears.

"I see you think me mad; well, think so for a little while—presently you may long to think it still, and be unable any longer."

Not knowing how to refuse, I signified my consent, and she glided to the recess where stood an inlaid table; on it was my desk—the only desk I cared for. It was a rare piece of workmanship, and had belonged to my father. It possessed not only a lock, but a spring, this was not noticeable, because the slight circle which indicated its presence outside was flush with the surface, and formed part of the ornamental work. My strange visitor drew off her dark kid glove, and her taper forefinger went straight to the spring. She pressed it hard, and it clicked. I had left the desk unlocked, and she now lifted the massive lid, and, before I could interfere—had I so intended—her small white hands had rapidly lifted out papers, letters, and miscellaneous contents, and were groping about the bottom. In another moment she had found another spring. The false bottom sprang out, and she was coming back to me with an object which always reposed there. It was my mother's portrait.

Even then no suspicion of the truth crossed my mind, as in blank wonder I received it from her hands and looked at her.

"Ay, look at me, Sylvia—look at me well, though I am no longer young, no longer beautiful, and have suffered—oh, Heaven!—and been wronged. Does nothing tell you who I am? Am I still no more to you than an intrusive stranger?"

She came close with sudden wild impatience. She threw off her bonnet, as if its slight weight stifled her, and a cloud of sable hair came down, loosened by her strange vehemence, and fell around her shoulders.

An involuntary cry broke from me. I held out my hands as if to ward off some blow, and at that moment the door opened, and Denis came up smiling, and, significantly touching his watch to me:

"Time's up!" he murmured in a whisper, and turned to look at our visitor. I caught his arm.

"Denis, look here, and look here! Merciful Heaven, who is this?"

I clung to him as his astonished gaze fell upon the figure standing still before us. I had noticed that his recognition of the likeness was almost instantaneous. Standing in the full light of the window, with her hair streaming wildly over her neck, Mrs. Halse was an older counterpart of the likeness of my dead mother.

"Yes," she said, with a strange smile, as he stood motionless for a minute, "I see you need not be told who I am, but it is years since that was painted in Venice. I had forgotten its existence till I saw the desk and recollected that its usual resting-place was in that secret drawer. I—I am glad he saved even that trifling memento of me. Did he also do me tardy justice before he died?"

"Of whom do you speak, madam?" demanded Denis sternly.

"Of my late husband, sir—of Lionel Crawford. I am your mother, Sylvia. For the last fourteen years I have lived almost entirely abroad."

I almost staggered as the quick tone fell upon my ear.

"No, no," I gasped, "that is impossible. Mamma is certainly dead. This is a mistake. Denis, speak, I should have heard it before, should I not?"

"This is either a mistake or a very transparent attempt at a fraud," he answered. "I think it is the latter, and beg that my wife may be spread this agitation. Why, Sylvia, we both know your mother has been dead for years; do not tremble so. Madam, I must suppose your business is concluded."

He moved as if to touch the bell, with the whole pride of his race burning in the suppressed passion of his look. She rose instantly, but looked neither angry nor fearful.

"Summon your servant, and but one alternative is mine—to leave the house. I will do so certainly; but I believe you will be sorry for it to the day of your death. Be patient, and hear me a little longer; look at but one or two of my documents, and I think you will come to the same conclusion as did Mrs. Escombe."

"I shall do neither," he replied, with determination. "If you have made yourself acquainted with any member of my wife's family, that does not concern us. I do not believe you. The next time I hear of your being concerned in this absurdity I shall give instructions to my lawyer."

"Be it so," she retorted calmly, though scornfully. "I offer you an easier way of satisfying yourself; but, if you prefer publicity, I shall acquiesce, for you will hear of me again, be sure of that. I repeat, I have been to my husband's sister, Mrs. Escombe, who has met me before in his company. Ask her who I am. She knew me, too, though she fancied I was a spectre, I think, at first. Our meeting so upset her that she is ill, or she would have written."

She paused for a moment—Denis neither spoke nor moved. I believe that in spite of improbabilities, a slow conviction was gaining ground that there was something in the past of which we knew nothing. She passed her handkerchief over her eyes, and continued in a sad, silvery tone:

"I have been warned as to the imputations to which I must expose myself by thus daring to come back to life. I am nothing in your eyes but an extraordinary likeness to a dead woman. Well, I offer no plausible tale; you shall judge as my brother the clergyman judged—and Heaven knows he would have willingly denied me—by a few documents. You hold my child, Mr. Fernley, as if it were contamination to let her look upon my face. I do not wonder—I was cruelly parted from her; and she may well shrink at the idea of an impostor. Perhaps she has never known sorrow or suffering; if so, she cannot understand me. She may dread to find that she has a mother especially one whose bare existence may be deemed a disgrace, after she has been considered dead during fourteen years."

The rich pathetic voice was silent, but the passionate eyes were turned longingly on me, as if asking if I were in truth indifferent about possessing a mother's love. Perhaps I stirred, for Denis tightened his hold convulsively. What a face I looked up at! His dark cheek was perfectly colorless, his eyes were blazing with fierce fire, and the thick moustache could not conceal the quivering of the muscles around his mouth. Savage, almost pitiless, he looked as if threatened with some intolerable wrong.

"Go up-stairs and wait for me. It is not fit for you to stay now. This is a mere farce; but, by Heaven, I'll see it played out! Go!"

"My visit is to your wife, Mr. Fernley," interposed Mrs. Halse. "If she does not remain I have nothing to say. I make no mercenary claims, remember—those I renounced fourteen years ago—but I desire to see my daughter. Your right over her is above mine, and you can keep us from meeting; but it shall be a costly determination to you, believe me."

There were no tears in her eyes as she slowly uttered the last words and faced him defiantly. A quick shiver ran over him; then he led me passive to a sofa at the other end of the long room, and whispered, "Remain here, little wife, pray——" He broke off abruptly, and went back to Mrs. Halse, who remained standing by the window, with the sun streaming through the stained glass over her triumphant beauty.

"Am I to remain, Mr. Fernley?" she said, smiling ironically.

"I will examine your papers," was the brief stern answer.

She drew a chair to a table, and produced from her morocco travelling-bag a pocket-book and some folded and tied up papers, which she pushed silently one by one over to him as he stood opposite. A dreary silence fell on us. I crouched back where I was placed, in a maze of conflicting and troubled thoughts. I had often so longed to have a mother, and the wish seemed likely to be answered in the awfully inscrutable way in which so many of our human desires are granted—by bringing in their very fulfillment their own punishment, as if to show us in very scorn how inadequate for our happiness are our most earnest requests.

Why should Denis look as if all joy were over for him because there was a possibility that my mother stood before him? As he took up paper after paper, I could see the blood recede from his face, leaving it drawn and gray, and his eyes harden, she meanwhile silently selecting her papers—mere scraps some were—portions of newspapers, letters, and one or two long, slender papers which she seemed scarcely to care to trust out of her hands. I looked at her as she sat, never glancing to the right or the left, her rich dress flowing wide round her, and the likeness to the portrait grew, instead of fading, as I marked narrowly the mould of the features, and recollected the years which had passed since it was taken.

She was still in the prime of life—still beautiful—but, as I gazed, I felt that I could never reverence her as I had my mother's memory. I recalled the letters I had loved as from her, and Denis' praise of them; but my heart was always with her dead, and never living. Even to pity her was to blame my father. But I had come to adore his gallant memory, and the least reproach regarding it made me draw farther apart from her in fancy.

The hall-clock ticked loudly in the silence, the Louis Quatorze on the chimney-piece added its silver sound, life seemed to hang in the balance while those two quiet figures stood unchanged in attitude, and yet I found myself unconsciously listening to the race between the two pendulums, and noting curiously that, regular as they were, they never ticked exactly together—sometimes it appeared as if one was ahead, then, changing the other gained ground. Some poor imprisoned fly made a loud buzzing about the room; that too caught my wandering fancy. I thought bitterly that there was a similitude in our lots; each had only the present to live in—a bitter wind would extinguish his life, a few moments might bring me to sorrow.

At last the monotonous employment was over, the last paper returned and restored to the travelling-bag, and still in silence my husband and she who claimed to be my mother met each other's eyes.

"I am Lionel Crawford's widow, and Sylvia is my daughter. Do you require further proof?"

"I shall not rest on these alone."

"You believe them notwithstanding," she said exultantly. "You are hard to satisfy. You have seen my marriage certificate, my husband's letters, the deed of separation, my brother's admission that he was deceived in believing me dead, and letters from people you may see for yourself in a day or two in Venice."

"I have further inquiries to make," he told her decisively.

"Nay, then, there is one now in the house who knows me well. Call Jessa Carelli, Sylvia."

"Stop!" interrupted Denis, with such passion in his voice and gesture that she cowered back with a look of fear. "I have listened to you and looked at these papers, but, if you address one word to my wife, I will turn you from my door, let the consequences be what they may. Woman, you know I have no real cause to fear you. If my wife were proved to be your daughter, it would avail you nothing, for I swear you should never meet. Leave her out of the question."

Her black brows were knit as she answered:

"One plainly sees the reason of this avoidance—that your proud name should be saved, not that Sylvia should be kept from me. So be it! My daughter will see from what motive I am kept from her, and that I cannot avoid it."

Denis turned to me, but without meeting my imploring eyes.

"Go now," he cried, "and send Jessa. She is faithful, I know."

I walked drearily up-stairs and rang for Jessa.

"You are wanted in the oak drawing-room," I said, turning away my head, but not quickly enough to escape her anxious and affectionate gaze.

"But thou, *povorina mia*—what hast thou?" she exclaimed, hurrying towards me.

I looked at her wistfully, and then let her fondle one of my hands, as I said impulsively:

"What is the matter? Only that my happiness has come to an end, I think. Go, go; they want you directly. But kiss me first, Jessa. Perhaps you too will cease to love me when we meet again."

CHAPTER VIII.

When the door closed on Jessa, I tried to keep up no longer. I slipped from the great dimity-covered lounge and threw myself upon the carpet. How long I lay there I know not, but I was roused at last by a sound outside. No, it was only one of the housemaids passing; Denis was down-stairs still. I looked at my watch, threw open the window, and leaned out. I had been two hours up-stairs. The sun was shining, the light air blew over my icy cheeks, the stone sill was not colder than my arms. I was very faint. No one had been near me, and the neglect was welcome from all but one.

Since our marriage my husband had scarcely suffered me to be an hour out of his sight; it was hard that in this dismay he should keep from me. I listlessly pulled at the crimson and gold of the Virginia creeper which reached up to the window, and a bright-eyed robin perched on a tall bough near and waited expectantly for crumbs. I thought it had the air of a hard unfeeling spy as I pushed down to it some of the crumbs left on the wide sill from the day before, and turned impatiently away. A fading rose stood in a crystal cup on my toilet-table; it had been placed in my hair by Denis on the day before, and I could not persuade myself to throw it away. Now I took it up and threw it towards the window; it fell short, and the next minute I picked it up and kissed it passionately. "What am I doing?" I uttered sadly. "He loved me dearly when he gave you to me; he may give me others of your kind, but never in the same way."

A cheval-glass reflected me from head to foot; the reflection caught my eye, and I looked back at the girlish figure in the soft muslin, at the ruffled hair surrounding the forlorn face, at the faded flower, and the picture moved me as if it had been another person. Once more I moved to the window. Oh, what a weed I seemed cast up from life's ocean! How different was my lot from that of others! My very parents were no real persons to me. I had been reft from my father, and, though his love was great for me, it was never lavished upon me. I knew nothing of my parents but from other people, and, if it depended on me alone to distinguish truth from falsehood, Mrs. Halse, or yonder poor gleaner in the fields, might equally claim to be my mother. There seemed nothing tangible in my position, my castles were built in the air—they had no foundation; and the very love I had won and thought would clothe my life with beauty and safety had begun to shift and slide.

My stakes in this new lottery were enormous, I could perceive, yet I was still a nonentity in the game, which must be played out by others, my only part being the passive acceptance of a prize or blank. I could not wish Mrs. Halse to prove herself my nearest relative on earth, when the bare possibility filled Denis with such dismay, and, if her story was true, there must be that in the past to mourn over. Husbands and wives do not lightly separate from each other; my father had led every one to believe his wife dead—as dead she was to his world for fourteen years. Mrs. Halse pronounced herself an injured woman, but her wrongs had not been published; and, if quite innocent, it would surely have been more self-respecting not to have tamely acquiesced in certain misconceptions of her motives, if she ever returned to society, but for her own sake, and the sake of the child she now claimed, to have seen that her husband's family had due notification of the cause for separation.

A woman's quick step outside roused me from meditation; the door was tried, and then came a hurried tap. I opened it at once; but the need of the person outside was so urgent that while I turned the key the tap was repeated. Jessa's quick eyes met mine the moment after.

"Thou must seek thy husband, my heart, and that instantly," she said rapidly in Italian; "he waits in the library, but he has not sent me for thee. No, hold!" she added, laying her hand upon my arm to stay me as I was flying past her, and speaking impressively. "Thou hast a brave and tender heart; all its courage and tenderness is required of thee now."

"Is he ill?"

"He is better again, but he has had a shock. They are not like us Italians; these proud strong English humble their pride, and what remains of their strength? It flies from them like the bird."

"Jessa, you should have sent for me before."

"Not so, *signora mia*. I beg you now to go to him, but against my good-will."

Jessa spoke proudly, and yet detained me another moment to look earnestly into my eyes. Words trembled on her lips, love and pity overflowed her eyes. In her impulsive fashion she kissed my hand passionately, and then stood aside to let me pass.

"Do you know anything of this, Jessa?" I whispered hurriedly.

She only said, "I thought her dead." I could not wait to question her further.

The library door was half open. As I approached a sickening odor of alcohol gave me a momentary sensation of impending misfortune. It was not extraordinary that it should do so, for that odor—well known to me in early days—was inextricably associated with misery. Suppressing this feeling, I went in unbidden, and found my husband leaning half across the table, his head hidden in his arms. His attitude displayed the abandonment of extreme dejection. I had never before seen him in any grief, and forgot at once everything save that he was most dear to me. Calling on his name, I ran to him, put my arms round his neck, and for the first time, unasked, laid my cheek to his. The next was a cruel moment. He shuddered at my touch, and disengaged himself quickly and decidedly!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANCIENT SOPHISTS.—Protagoras, an Athenian rhetorician, had agreed to instruct Evalthus in rhetoric, on condition that the latter should pay him a certain sum of money if he gained his first cause. Evalthus, when instructed in all the precepts of the art, refused to pay Protagoras, who consequently brought him before the Areopagus, and said to the Judges: "Any verdict that you may give is in my favor: if it is on my side, it carries the condemnation of Evalthus; if against me, he must pay me, because he gains his first cause." "I confess," replied Evalthus, "that the verdict will be pronounced either for or against me: in either case I shall be equally acquitted; if the judges pronounce in my favor, you are condemned; if they pronounce for you, according to our agreement, I owe you nothing, for I lose my first cause." The judges being unable to reconcile the pleaders, ordered them to reappear before the Court 100 years afterwards.

DISCOVERERS OF AMERICA.—Strange fatality attended the early discoverers of America.—Columbus died broken-hearted; Roldin and Bobadilla were drowned; Ovanda was harshly superseded, Las Casas sought refuge and consolation in a cowl, Ojeda died in extreme poverty, Enciso was deposed by his own followers. Nicuesa perished miserably by the cruelty of his party, Vasco Nunez de Balboa was disgracefully beheaded, Narvaez was imprisoned in a tropical dungeon and afterwards died of hardship, Cortez was dishonored, Alvarado was assassinated, Almagro was garroted, Pizarro was murdered, and his four brothers killed. Among the secondary chiefs assassinations, murders and violence prevailed.

Stanley says that there is no slave trade in Africa except what is carried on by the natives.

Minna's Sacrifice.

BY MAUD MURRAY.

"I really think you are a born fool, Minna, and I am ashamed of you."

"I am much obliged to you, Aunt, I am sure!"

The speaker was a tall, handsome girl, with large dark eyes, glowing cheeks, and a pervading air of strength and energy.

Mrs. Douglass was a fair specimen of the rich *parvenu*, money having lately raised her and her husband from a very much lower position in society.

"You need not be so pert, child," returned the aunt. "I can't think what has come to you. Your uncle is quite willing to keep you, and why can't you stop quietly here?"

"To live on charity?" answered Minna proudly. "To be reminded every day that I am only a dependant? No, no, Aunt Julia; I am young and strong, and of age, too. I would rather earn my own living."

Aunt Julia's lips curled with scornful contempt.

"I have made up my mind to go out as governess, and I was going to ask you if I might use your name as a reference, Aunt Julia?" continued Minna, boldly.

"That you certainly shall not!" cried Mrs. Douglass, sharply. "If you choose, in defiance of my wishes and your uncle's, to leave this roof, where you have every luxury and comfort, and find your own living, you may shift for yourself. I shall have nothing more to say to you!"

Uncle George, to whom Minna spoke that evening over his port wine and walnuts, was quite of his wife's opinion.

"Pretty thanks you give me for all I have spent upon you!" said Mr. Douglas, angrily. "If you choose to make such a fool of yourself, go, but never let me see your face again; and if you come to beggary and starvation, you need not expect anything from your aunt or from me. My door will be closed against you for good and all. I shall give orders that you are never to be admitted."

Nothing daunted by this threat, Minna goes out the first thing next morning to the nearest governess agency, where she finds two grim, elderly females sitting before a writing-table covered with letters.

"I wish for an engagement as governess, if you please," after they have asked her to take a seat.

"Very well; we will enter your name on our books," says the elder of the two agents. "Miss Douglas, I think? Your age? Only twenty-one? Your present address, and your references."

"I have none," said Minna quietly. "My relations with whom I am living do not approve of my going out, and will not allow me to apply to them for references."

Just then "Mrs. St. John" was announced, a nice-looking, well-dressed lady, who had come in search of a nursery governess for her three little girls.

She looked at Minna, hesitated a moment, and then asked the agent, in a low, voice, who was that young lady?

"That young *person*," replied the agent, with a stress on the word, "is Miss Douglas, who requires an engagement as governess, but has no references."

"Miss Douglass!" repeated Mrs. St. John. "Surely I know the name? Excuse me," turning to Minna, "but I think you live in Park Crescent?"

Minna bowed.

"Then I have the pleasure of being acquainted with your uncle," said Mrs. St. John? "My husband knows him also very well. Are you really requiring a situation?"

"Yes," answered Minna; "I do not wish to be dependent on my uncle any longer. I want work."

"Will you come to me, and take charge of my girls?" asked Mrs. St. John, who was struck by Minna's appearance. "Knowing your family, I should not think of making any farther inquiries if you like the idea."

Minna's face beamed with delight. The agents were considerably surprised; but the bargain was soon arranged, and Minna Douglass left her uncle's house the very next day, and entered Mrs. St. John's establishment at Kingston on-Thames.

About six or seven months afterwards, Uncle and Aunt Douglas read the death of Mrs. St. John in the *Times*, and exulted accordingly.

"A fine mess Minna has made of her fine situation!" cried Aunt Julia. "Now she will be turned out of it!"

"She made her bed, and she must lie upon it," remarked Uncle George crustily. "It don't concern us. Serves her right if she comes to want?"

About two years later, as Mr. Douglass was waiting to cross the road at the Oxford Circus, who should trip up to him, prettily dressed, but his niece Minna, looking very bright and well.

"How do you do, uncle?" she said, holding out her hand.

"I did not expect—ah—to meet you," said Mr. Douglass, stiffly holding out his two fingers. "Where are you staying now?"

"Oh, I am housekeeper to a gentleman," returned Minna, "and I am very comfortable."

"A servant's place?" said Uncle George, contemptuously. "Really, Minna, I did not think you would sink so low!"

"We are all servants in this world, more or less, uncle," said Minna. "Won't you come and see me?"

"Certainly not!" answered Mr. Douglas. "I could not think of such a thing! Good day!"

And he hurried across the road.

* * * * * *

Not many weeks had elapsed when Mr. and Mrs. Douglass received an invitation to dinner at the house of a rich banker, who lived a short way out of town—Mr. St. John Thornton.

The invitation was a great compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Douglass; and, as their acquaintance with the banker had latterly been very slight, it had rather surprised them.

"St. John!" said Mrs. Douglass, thoughtfully, as they were driving towards the banker's house. "Surely that was the name of the people where our Minna went as governess."

"Pray don't call that wretched girl *our* Minna!" rejoined Mr. Douglass indignantly. "She has nothing to do with us now, and most likely she is starving by this time."

The carriage passed through a handsome gateway, and, after driving up a long avenue, stopped at the porch of a large Gothic house. Lights were streaming from the windows, men-servants in livery were standing in the hall. Everything around betokened wealth and luxury.

They were ushered into the drawing-room, and to their utter astonishment, the lady sitting on the sofa, beautifully dressed in pale blue moire and pearls, was none other than their niece, Minna!

"Aunt Julia! Uncle George!" exclaimed Minna, rising to receive them; "I am so glad you have come! I have been waiting for so long to introduce you to my husband—Mr. St. John Thornton."

And the rich banker came forward and welcomed them warmly.

"Your—husband!" repeated the aunt and uncle, as if thunderstruck. "You don't mean to say that you are married?"

"Why you told me you were a——" began Uncle George.

"Housekeeper to a gentleman," finished Minna, laughing. "Yes, so I am. I keep Mr. St. John Thornton's house for him—don't I?"

And, in the interval before her other guests arrived, Minna explained how all had happened.

Mr. St. John had gone abroad for two years after the death of his first wife, leaving his little girls in Minna's charge. When he returned, he found them so attached to Minna, and was so pleased with her management of his house, that he asked her to remain there altogether—as its mistress. He had taken the additional surname of Thornton, in consequence of inheriting property; and, according to Minna's wish, there had been no announcement of the marriage in the papers.

And so Minna's sacrifices ended in triumph, and she has never had any reason to regret her determination of choosing an independent path in life.

JAPANESE WOMEN.—The first impression the fair sex which the traveller receives in a Japanese crowd is in the highest degree unfavorable; the ghastly appearance of the faces and bosoms, thickly coated with powder, the absence of eyebrows, and the blackened teeth, produce a most painful and disagreeable effect. Were it not for this abominable custom, Japanese women would probably rank high among Eastern beauties, certainly far before Chinese. All Japanese writers whom I have read upon the subject, affirm that to have no eyebrows and black teeth is considered a beauty in Japan, and that the object of the process is to add to the charms of the fair one.

ATTAR OF ROSES.—The famous perfume, "Attar of Roses," was discovered by accident. Catrou, a Jesuit, who compiled the "Histoire Generale de l'Empire du Mogol," says: "Nur-Jahan, the favorite wife of the Mogul Jahan Ghur, among her other luxuries, had a small canal of rose water. As she was walking with Mogul upon its banks, they perceived a thin film upon the water—it was an essential oil made by the heat of the sun. They were delighted with its exquisite odor, and means were immediately taken for preparing by art a substance like that which had been thus fortuitously produced."

FACETIÆ

"After dark"—Chasing a negro.

"How to grow fat"—Breed hogs.

"A man of some account"—The bookkeeper.

A magazine where light matter should not be inserted—A powder magazine.

"An early settler"—The first drink in the morning after a lively time overnight.

For a sharp paper and one full of good points, nothing beats a paper of pins, unless it is one of needles.

For the information of poker players it may be stated that Love is the first person spoken of in history as going it blind.

An ardent youth excused himself for his anxiety to take her to his bosom, on the plea that his business was pressing.

"No such word as failed!" inquired a young lady, listening to "Richelieu," of her escort. "Why, what's my summer dress made of, if it ain't failie."

An article now going the rounds is entitled "The Value of Pluck." There is little reason to read it, however, as any sheep-butcher will readily inform you.

He told the officer who arrested him that he was merely trying to comply with the proverb, The "time," or watch, had no forelock to be taken by, so he took it as best he could.

It is observed that with the increasing attention of women to calisthenics and gymnastic exercise generally, that the men have taken to practicing and improving their speed in running.

He was small, she was large. He said her signs conquered him in the old sweet lover days, and her size has a good deal to do with the same condition of affairs, now that they are married.

"Snakes and their Habits" is the title of a recent publication. Hard drinkers generally are buying the work in order that by its aid they may learn to solve some of the problems of existence.

What is the difference between a watchmaker and a jailor? One sells watches, and the other watches cells. And a chief point of resemblence between them is that both have a good deal to do with "hard cases."

There is a lady in this city who is naturally an object of envy with the sex. She has got more hair of her own than any six women put together. This results, however, from her being in the wig and switch business.

Many a surgeon as he now extracts the shot from the body of some enthusiastic reed-bird sportsman, wonders how in the world the members of his profession managed to live before the lucky invention of gunpowder.

Nature in her own person sometimes supplies many of the finest productions of art and civilization. Thus we have the bread tree and other such, too numerous to mention. But the only natural butter so far found is the goat.

Darwin in explaining the operation of the principle of imitation in natural selection, has not considered the probability of the theory that the donkey got its singular voice from listening to a glee club serenading a young lady at midnight.

About three million pins are made every day in this country, but let a young fellow jab one into his arm while measuring a girl's waist some moonlight night in the interests of science, and he never thinks of the other two million and odd.

The difference between taking a broad view or a narrow view of any subject is, that the man who has one tender corn recently trodden upon, on his little toe, secures no comfort from the reflection that the corn crop this year is one of the largest the country has ever seen.

A Japanese husband, it is said, can get a divorce if his wife disobeys his mother. A good many married men in this country are calling the attention of their mothers-in-law to this fact, in the hope that seeing the estimation in which the relation is held there, they may be induced to emigrate.

Some people are no doubt mystified at the extraordinary demand for benzine among the young of the sterner sex. It is easily explained, however, and will no doubt continue just so long as fathers persist in painting the front steps, or the mild weather permits the use of that locality for courting purposes.

A gold watch formerly owned by President Andrew Jackson has been found in a pawnbroker's shop in Boston. This goes to show that human nature in all ages is alike, and that there is not so much difference between Presidents and the general run of citizens as some would have us believe.

GIVE ATTENTION at once to anything symptomatic of Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa or any Bowel Complaint, by using promptly Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam, and you will avoid much suffering and no little danger. The reputation of this medicine has been established by its merit, and it is now everywhere recognized as a standard curative.

SUMMER AND AUTUMN.

Gorgeous leaves are whirling down,
Homeward comes the scented hay,
O'er the stubble, sear and brown,
Flaunt the autumn flowers gay.
Ah, alas!
Summers pass—
Like our joys, they pass away!

Fanned by many a balmy breeze,
In the spring I loved to lie
'Neath the newly-budded trees,
Gazing upward to the sky;
But, alas!
Time will pass,
And the flowers of spring must pass.

Oft my maiden sat with me,
Listening to the thrush's tone
Warbled forth from every tree,
Ere the meadow hay was mown.
But, alas!
Summers pass—
Now, I wander all alone.

Love, like summer time, is fair,
Decked with buds and blossoms gay;
But upon this autumn air
Floats a voice which seems to say:
Loves, alas!
Also pass,
As the summers pass away.

At Cross Purposes.

BY C. H.

"Dermot!" cried my father one morning as I entered the breakfast-room, where the other members of the family had already assembled, "you're a downright idiot!"

"Indeed, sir!" I replied. "May I ask how I have been fortunate enough to earn so distinguished an appellation?"

"Really, my dear Dermot," put in my mother, in her mildest and most persuasive voice, "you ought to have some consideration for your father's wishes, and—and your own advancement in life. You are the only son we have, and it is but natural that we should be anxious to see you comfortably settled down."

"Such an excellent chance—everybody says so," drawled my sister Kathleen, in her languid, laconic manner.

"Everybody's extremely kind, I'm sure," I retorted; "but I have yet to learn to what I am indebted for the very kind and flattering remarks that assail me on all sides this morning."

The fact is, however, I knew very well. We had been at a ball on the previous evening, and I had chosen to ignore the presence of a certain young lady whom my parents had more than once assured me was "the very thing."

"Dermot," my mother said, emphatically, "Your treatment of Miss Rippleton last evening was simply disgraceful! And can it be possible, that it is your serious intention to let this brilliant match slip through your fingers, as it were? I will not believe it; 'twould be the act of a maniac!"

"Of course, my dear mother, if I'm a maniac, I cannot help it, any more than Miss Helen can prevent herself from admiring the beauty of terrestrial and celestial objects at one and the same moment."

"How can you be so uncharitable, my dear," murmured my mother. "We ought not to look slightingly upon our neighbors on account of their little failings. 'Tis true, one of poor Helen's eyes is somewhat twisted; but then, my dear boy, reflect how many times this blemish is cancelled by——"

"Oh, spare me, mother—in pity spare me!" I cried, beginning to get theatrical again. "Do not, I beseech you, inflict me with a catalogue of Miss Rippleton's perfections. I know them, alas! but too well. Once for all, understand me, no earthly power could make me offer her my hand, and my heart is—is not mine to give!"

Then ensued a silence. My father, mother and sister stared at me incredulously. Too late I perceived that my enthusiasm had carried me beyond the limits of discretion.

Ten minutes later I had mounted the best horse in my father's stable, and was galloping over the country as though pursued by an army of ogres.

Does the reader wish to know whither I was bound at so furious a rate? I was going to see my—wife. Yes; I was a married man. Two months previously I had stood at the altar with the prettiest little darling in all Munster.

The siren who had woven such a spell around a heart hitherto impervious to Cupid's insinuating whispers was the orphaned daughter of a village apothecary.

After the death of her father, which event had taken place some twelve months before I made her my own, Fanny M'Guire had formed a home with a maternal uncle, her only surviving relative.

This old gentleman I had been fortunate enough to save one dark winter's night on lonely country road, from the clutches of a burly ruffian who had taken a fancy to his massive gold chain, and, probably, to his well-filled purse also.

Overflowing with gratitude, the poor man insisted upon my accompanying him to his home.

The consequences were very natural. I was presented to the beautiful Fanny, fell in love with, and eventually asked her to become Mrs. Dermot O'Neil.

How vividly do I recall that delightful ride on the morning my story opens. Ah, why did not some pitying zephyr whisper into my ear the tidings of the cruel blow that awaited me? Why was my heart so light when it ought to have hung in my breast like a leaden plumb—heavy, motionless, dead?

Thinking only of the warm kisses and fond embraces that were soon to be my portion, I had ridden some ten or twelve miles when the cottage which served for the temporary abode of my wife appeared in sight.

Vine Cottage was a pretty, low roofed little building, whose whitewashed walls were almost hidden from view by the luxuriant foliage of the plant from which it took its name. There was no other houses near, and we selected it on account of its lonely, isolated position.

As I drew near, I recognized the plump figure of honest Mrs. Lloyd standing in the shady porch. This woman, an old family servant, I had installed with my wife, knowing that our secret would be safe in her keeping.

I was not slow to perceive, by the anxious look in Mrs. Lloyd's face as she advanced to me, that all was not well.

"What is the matter, Mrs. Lloyd? Has anything gone wrong?" I hastily demanded, whilst dismounting from my horse.

"Mather is it?" repeated the woman, wringing her hands, and looking the picture of misery and despair." Ah, Mr. Dermot, how can I tell ye at all, at all?"

A dreadful thought rushed through my brain, and staggering against the gate, I could hardly find courage to say, "Speak, woman! My wife is dead—I see it in your eyes!"

"Alas, no! Would to Heaven 'twas thrue for your honor!"

"What dreadful thing am I about to hear?" I groaned.

Then by degrees I gathered from the weeping woman that my wife had deserted me—left me forever.

That very morning a gentleman had driven a gig to the door, and my wife who had evidently expected him, had been assisted to the vacant seat by the stranger's side, and away they went.

We entered the cottage. At any other time I suppose the intelligence of which she was the bearer would have annoyed me exceedingly; but, in the frame of mind I then was, no misfortune could have had much effect upon me. Accordingly, when the good woman, with the longest of faces, informed me that my horse had broken loose from the tree to which I had secured him, and was already on his way home, I calmly replied that it was of no consequence, and expressed my determination of walking home.

Then, after taking a last fond look around the room, I turned and fled from the house.

Never for a moment losing sight of the dark cloud that had arisen in the azure sky of my happiness, I plodded briskly along the lonely country road, by degrees losing all consciousness of the outer world, so, wholly did my soul become engrossed by painful reflections.

I know not how long this mechanical sort of motion was kept up—probably over an hour; however, my reverie was at length put to an end by the ringing sound of a horse's hoofs upon the hard, dry road.

I looked up sharply, and was surprised to see my own dog-cart coming towards me, and driven by one of the servants.

In an instant it occurred to me, for the first time, that they must have been uneasy at home when my truant horse reached Ballybruff, which, by the bye, is the name of our house.

How could they tell, I asked myself, remorsefully, that the pride and hope of the O'Neils was not lying dead or wounded in some out-of-the-way place, without a soul near to stretch forth a kindly hand to help him?

The first words that greeted me as the vehicle drew up at my side were, "Thank Heaven, Mr. Dermot, I've found you alive!"

"How are they at home, Scarry?" I demanded, as I sprang into the car, took hold of the reins, and turned the horse's head in the direction of home. "Are they anxious about me?"

"Anxious, is it?" Why, sir, 'tis ancar crazy they was whin Spiderleg rushed up the avenue all besmeared with foam and dust, small blame to thim!"

Scarry followed up these words with eager inquiries as to "how it all happened?"

I satisfied his curiosity, and in return he aggravated my pangs of remorse by informing me that mounted messengers had been despatched in all directions in search of me.

Weary and sad at heart, I was at last deposited on the steps leading to the ancient home of my forefathers.

My mother met me at the door, and received me in her arms as one arisen from the dead. Before I had proceeded halfway across the hall, the whole household, servants included, had gathered around me, as though I were some strange animal escaped from the menagerie.

"Don't go in there, Dermot;" cried my mother, as I was moving, half-bewildered from the fuss, towards the common sitting room of the family. "She is there."

"She!" I muttered stupidly. "what's that?"

"Oh, dear, I forgot to tell you," said my mother, leading the way into a back parlor.

"The strangest thing, Dermot!" interjected Kate, spasmodically.

"Some time after you went out this morning, my dear," proceeded my mother, "Lily's governess arrived.

Here she lowered her voice, and glanced apprehensively at the door.

"She appeared to be a very lady-like, nice sort of person, but I thought too handsome for her position. Well, all went on satisfactorily for some time; but at length—could you believe it, Dermot?—we discovered that the governess is a raving maniac! We were first warned of Miss Bell's dreadful malady," continued my mother, "when your horrible horse tore past the window. Oh, the awful shriek she uttered! How it echoed through the house! 'Madam! madam!' she then cried, falling at my feet, 'behold the wretched murderess of your son—*my* husband!' Then the poor creature commenced to weep and in a manner frightful to behold."

As my mother pronounced her last words, I started from the chair upon which I had sank a few seconds before, and, with a wild, throbbing heart, rushed from the room, overturning everything that came in my way.

My bewildered relatives gave instant chase, thinking, no doubt, that another maniac was under their roof.

Swiftly I made for the sitting-room before mentioned, and, dashing open the door, made an unceremonious entrance.

Good heavens! could I believe my eyes? There before me, reclining upon a sofa, her eyes closed, her face deadly pale, was my beautiful young wife.

"Fanny!" I cried, in a transport of joy, falling upon my knees before the sofa.

Instantly the eyelids of the supposed maniac unclosed, and a pair of great brown eyes made their appearance.

"Dermot, my husband!"

I remembered no more, for—ridiculous fact—I fainted, and, as I afterwards learnt—poor Fanny followed my unmanly example.

* * * * * *

When next I recovered consciousness, I was in my own bed. I could hardly believe it possible, when I was told that I had suffered fever, and for that day I had hovered between life and death. But the crisis was now passed, and I was pronounced out of danger.

Long before my recovery to health, my wife had won the hearts of every one in the house, even as she had won mine.

One lovely morning, during my convalescence, Fanny and I were sitting in the sunshine before the house, when the following conversation took place between us:—

"Fanny, who was the gentleman that drove you away from Vine Cottage that morning?"

"Still jealous?" she returned archly.

"Jealous, indeed!" I replied indignantly though I felt myself reddening guiltily. "You know very well I am incapable of such a feeling."

"Well, then, dear, it was your father's steward."

"My father's steward!" I repeated, breathing more freely. "Ah, to be sure; I see it all now! What a blind idiot I have been! But, Fanny," I continued, "why did you not tell me that you intended answering my mother's advertisement for a governess?"

"Simply because I knew you, who are so very wise, would consider my plan impracticable. Of course, I gave you credit for enough common sense to treat me as a stranger when I should be presented to you in your father's house as a governess."

It is almost needless to say that I was satisfied with her explanation, and that a happier couple cannot be found in all the country round.

EDNA'S TROUBLES.

BY EMMA RHODES.

It was a fine old room, and fitted up and with all the luxury that wealth could command. Its two occupants, were a lovely girl, and an elderly man, noble in form, but dark and stern in face. They were discussing a long-disputed question. Old Mr. Lydell, flaming with passion at the girl's last word, burst out vehemently:

"You are not my slave, forsooth! Nevertheless, my haughty young lady, you are under a heavy debt to me. Tell me what you are—who you are? Tell me that, if you can."

The girl did not answer. She put her hand up to her brow as if a pain were there. He resumed:

"You are called Edna Ivesly Hay; but what do you know of yourself beyond that? Answer me. Have not I been the making of you? Did not I take you from—from—yes, almost from the gutters, and transform you into what you are? A recompense is this that you are giving me?"

Edna Hay put up her hands deprecatingly. It was all true. Grateful, deeply grateful to him she was: but she could not repay him in the manner he wished.

"My son," resumed Mr. Lydell, "my only son, whom I idolise, has set his heart upon your baby loveliness, and crowned you with the honor of choosing you for his wife. Do you understand? Do you understand that I mean you shall become his wife——"

"I do not like him," she gaspingly interposed.

"With or without your consent, you shall become his wife, simply because it is his will. Theodore loves you—therefore, Theodore's you shall be! To-morrow he comes home. Be wise, and receive him as your future husband!"

There was a dark threat in the old man's eyes, as he concluded, that sent an involuntary shiver through the girl's slender frame. But a determination equal to his own marked both words and tone as she answered respectfully:

"Cast me out," she answered in agitation. "I would rather die than link my fate with his! Let me go out into the world and battle against the poverty from which you rescued me——"

"Enough!" thundered the old man. "I will listen to no more folly. My son shall have the bride of his choice! And there shall be no delay. Next week—next week, hark you—you shall be his wife. Your wedding dress is already ordered. Now go."

Striding to the door he flung it open, nodding in deep tones, as Edna passed, shivering, into the hall: "Go! and remember that for the insubordinate there are means to compel submission."

A swift change passed over the girl's face as the door closed behind her, and it was with fleet foot and panting breath that she sped up the stairs to her own chamber.

It was a trying position. The girl, left an orphan when little more than an infant, had been taken to by this very distant relative, John Lydell, and brought up as a daughter of his own. Of course she owed him all gratitude for it, but—No; never, never could she marry *him*. And there was Malcolm Payne in the way besides—and Edna's blushes came fast as she thought of him; though Mr. Lydell was in the habit of calling him that "beggarly secretary," and would not encourage him at his house.

Mr. Lydell's threat had terrified her. If he did indeed mean to force her into a marriage with his son, how could she contend against him? Sitting by the fire in her terrible trouble and perplexity, her hands pressed upon her aching brow, the thought came into her mind that there was only 'one way of saving herself—flight.

"I will do it," she whispered to herself in her bitter desperation. "I will run away—and this very night. To-morrow Theodore comes, and it might be too late."

In a commotion of heart that few people have experienced, Edna made her few preparations, hoping to escape when the household should be asleep. Every night at one o'clock a stage coach, as she knew, passed a distant place call Hart's Corner, on its way to catch the mail train at Braemont. If she could join that coach it would take her to the train, and she might escape all over the world then.

When the clock struck twelve, she put out the lamp; and, taking the small paper parcel in her hand, opened the chamber door softly, and went down stairs into the garden and thence with renewed hope passed out to the high road.

The way was longer than she had thought—or seemed so. Hart's Corner was gained at last, and none too soon. She had barely reached it when the stage turned the curve of the hill before her. The coachman drew up. Two male passengers were inside, apparently asleep. Edna shrank into a corner, and was soon forgotten. A long hour of feverish desire to push forward more rapidly at last ended: she took her ticket for a distant place, haphazard, and was soon whirling rapidly along.

Amidst the rush and thunder of a swifter flight she matured her still somewhat indefinite plans. As a first step towards the accomplishment of these plans she left the train earlier than she had intended; getting out at an insignificant station. It might be safer, she thought, than going on to any large town.

All that day Edna walked; not knowing where to go, what to do. The sun had gone down, indeed, night long set in, when, heart-sick and weary, a gleaming light from a handsome villa tempted her to seek shelter there. In truth, she was physically incapable of proceeding farther. Entering the gate, she crossed the lawn to the house.

But the exhaustive effects of unusual fatigue and excitement told severely upon a somewhat fragile nervous system, and it was with unsteady hand and beating heart that she drew the bell. At its first vibration a deep-mounted hound came leaping around the wall and barked at her—but did not bite. Nevertheless, Edna was thoroughly frightened; and when the door opened, revealing a tall, raw-boned female of 'severe aspect,' her modicum of strength gave out, and instead of the effective little speech so carefully prepared, she gasped some unintelligible words, and fell fainting into the arms involuntarily extended to receive her.

The arms were muscular ones, and she was hastily borne into a charming little room, in which sat the mistress of the house.

"What is it, Burns?" she asked, without looking from the glancing knitting-needles in her hand.

"I dinna ken, Miss Ruth, unless it be a woman frae the skies that dropped in my arms. It's well they are stout, for she's heavy-like, though an ilka thing," Burns coolly added, depositing her burden suspiciously on the sofa.

The astonished Miss Ruth sprang to her feet with an alacrity that sent her ball of yarn to the opposite side of the room, and left her work-pennant on the corner of the work-table beside her.

"Poor thing! poor thing!" she sighed, leaning over Edna's inanimate form, her helpful fingers actively busy. "Chafe her hands, Burns, while I loosen her cloak. What a beautiful girl she is! Quite a lady, I am sure."

Miss Ruth, actively engaged in efforts to restore Edna to consciousness, and soon the latter opening her eyes on the tall figure with its stiff angularities of the servant erect as an old grenadier on duty, near plump little Miss Ruth Neal, and intuitively comprehended that she was an object of suspicion. The serene kindly face of Miss Ruth was, however, a gift for which she was thankful, and with faltering words she attempted to rise.

"Thank you, I am quite well again."

"Not quite," returned Miss Ruth, a low, pleasant laugh rippling over her lips at the ineffectual effort. "Lie still, my dear young lady. Burns shall get you a cup of tea."

On the return of that functionary, with the beverage and after it was drank, Miss Ruth, answered Edna's regrets, and apologetic remark that her journey would be resumed early the next morning, with the greatest cordiality. It must, however, be admitted that Edna—after mentioning as her name the abbreviated one of Miss Ivesly, which being merely a baptismal name nobody had ever heard of—fell into anxious thoughts. She felt that she was expected to explain whence she came, and a few more personal items—and she could not.

"She is so young," thought Miss Neal. "I fear I ought to press her confidence for her own sake."

"I hope, my dear," she said, as they exchanged good nights, "that your rest will not be disturbed. I am in hourly expectation of the arrival of my nephew, so if you hear a stir you will know what it is. And in the morning you will tell us your story: we will advise you for the best."

Edna lay down on the bed, only taking off her shoes and dress, in the midst of which she heard the arrival below, and presently Miss Neal came upstairs, followed by a manly step.

"I am sorry you think that I have done wrong, dear," she was saying. "But, indeed, Burns ought not to call her a 'night tramp.' You are tired, so I'll say no more: but in the morning we will insist upon the young person to explain herself. Good night, my lad: you'll sleep well."

Edna waited for an hour or more, and then rose. The words had scared her. Miss Neal would deem it right to send her back to Mr. Lydell. At any risk she must escape that.

Passing softly down stairs, her trembling hand was about to push back the bolt of the back door, when a footfall warned her of danger. She slipped into a closet just beside her.

She had barely entered when the footstep came forth. All might have gone well, but for an awkward movement of Edna's. She came in contact with what seemed to be a basket of clothes-pegs, and they came down with a tremendous clatter.

"Them rats again!" ejaculated Burns, irascibly—for she was the night-walker. Back she came again to the closet door.

"The door open!" cried she in surprise. "The uncanny things can run in and out. I'll fetch a candle and the poker."

Turning the key in the lock, away went Burns for the poker."

Would there be murder committed?

Very soon Burns returned, but ere the door could be moved, Edna, threw herself against it, uttering a low guttural sound. And it all proved too much for Burns. Instantly she lay a discomfited heap upon the floor.

Edna unfastened the back door and darted out. She was not, however, to escape unobserved.

Miss Neal's nephew, no other than Malcolm Payne, aroused from his dreams, flew downstairs, saw the back door open, and went in pursuit.

Burns was not quite sure whether she was killed or not.

Miss Neal came down.

"My tooth began to ache again, and I came down to get some hot stuff for it," began Burns, excitedly, "an' was gangin' to bed again, when there came a noise frae the closet there. I said it was the rats; so I locked the door till I could get a candle and the poker. I unlocked the door careful like, when it flew open wi' an awfu' sound, an' struck my old head a blow that sent me down there. Then two robbers tumbled over my feet; two, ma'am; one a minute after the tother."

Malcolm Payne, leaping over the threshold, saw something white lying at his feet—a lady's cambric handkerchief.

A peculiar perfume, of which Edna was fond, caused him to turn the corners and look keenly.

"Edna!" he read. "It cannot be my Edna! and yet—where is she?"

Thrusting the handkerchief into his pocket, he rushed onwards.

Edna sped onward, uncertain whither. When at last a light hand fell on her shoulder she still believed herself vanquished by a foe.

"Poor darling! poor darling! What does it all mean, I wonder," murmured Malcolm Payne. "Why, my dear child, don't you know me?—your own Malcolm!"

And with a faint cry of relief she lay upon his arm in peace.

"A dozen more o' the siller spoons gone, ma'am, for I can't set my eyes on 'em nawhere," Burns was announcing as they got back. "If this does na teach us to beware o' night-tramps——eh, mercy me, Mr. Malcolm! then what is it a'?"

"It means that this young lady, who has so fortunately taken refuge here, is my promised wife, Burns," answered Malcolm.

The wedding followed. For her lover represented to Edna that she could not be safe from John Lydell and his son until she should be Mrs. Malcolm Payne.

CHINESE ETIQUETTE.

The Chinese code of etiquette is most punctilious, and would outvie the usages of the most ceremonious court of Europe, he politeness of a well-bred Chinaman being overpowering and irksome in the extreme. The moment a guest alights from his sedan-chair, the host steps forth into the verandah to salute the visitor; this is done by complimentary speeches, bowing the head until the chin rests upon the chest, bending the body and knees, joining the hands in front of the person, and with them knocking the chest. When the master of the house intends to honor a guest most especially, he takes the visitor's hands between his own, gently tapping, or striking them against his breast, this being the Chinese mode of shaking hands. Now follows a civil contest, as to precedence, neither party choosing to enter the dwelling before the other. After various and divers bowings, bendings, knockings, and genuflexions, this point is ceded by host and guest entering the house together.

Upon entering the reception room, another ceremony ensues, equally protracted and irksome; the point now to be determined is where each shall sit, and who shall be seated first, as the code of polite etiquette extends to a decision on the size of a chair, by which invariably the rank or importance of the guest is known. The host now waves his hand to a large arm-chair, requesting the honored guest to be seated, attempting to take a small chair without arms, for himself; good breeding compels the guest in his turn to refuse this compliment, and after a wearying contest of politeness, the dispute is amicably adjusted to the satisfaction of the belligerents, either by both parties sitting down simultaneously, on the same couch, or on two chairs of equal dimensions and similars forms.

As soon as the whole of the guests are assembled, tea is handed round in small covered cups, which are placed on silver stand, shaped like a boat, and are beautifully chased, or ornamented with filigree work. These, on the occasion now referred to, were of that antique porcelain which is valued most exceedingly for its rarity. This china is as thin as tissue-paper, of a pure white, perfectly transparent, and ornamented with figures, the delicate tracery and painting being only perceptible when the vessel is filled with liquid. After the tea had been imbibed, and a little talk indulged in, a tribe of servants, clad in long white grass cloth robes, entered the room, drawing back the silken curtains of the doorways leading into the eating-room, the host then arose, begging the guests to enter the room, where a humble repast had been prepared, which he hoped they would deign to partake of. Now began another battle; not a guest would budge from the room until the host preceded them; this he would not hear of, so the contest was decided by the host being placed between two of the invited, the remaining three preceding them into the apartment where the repast was prepared.

We found the table laid out for six persons, and nothing could have been better in taste, or more elegantly arranged, than this festive board of a mandarin of the Celestial Empire; chairs of equal size and form were placed around the table, and the whole party acknowledged their equality by taking their seats at the same moment. The table was of a circular shape, and on it was spread a silken cover, the edges being bordered with an embroidery of gold and silver; porcelain jars, of exquisite and brilliant colors, were filled with the choicest flowers of the orange, citron, lemon, camelia japonica, and China astar; these flowers being so disposed in the jars as to form various patterns.

SPONGES.

While handling sponge in its prepared state, as we see it in the shops it is difficult to believe that it belongs to the animal kingdom. Sponge, however, is not the animal itself; but only its skeleton, or framework, as it were. That which constitutes the living portion of the animal is removed in preparing the sponge for market. The animal proper covers the framework and is of a jelly-like appearance, like that of other low forms of animal life. Various openings and channels allow the passage of water through all parts of the mass, and the gelatinous portion has microscopic hairs, which are capable of rapid motion, and by their means water is drawn into and forced out of the sponge. When divided the living sponge seems to suffer no inconvenience, but each part sets up on its own account, lives on as if nothing had happened, and it becomes two sponges.

The best sponge of commerce is found in the Mediterranean, and is known as Turkey or Smyrna sponge; this is obtained by divers. Bahama or West India sponge is coarser, and is sold at a much less price. Much sponge is gathered off the coast of Southern Florida. Indeed the Florida sponge fisheries furnish employment to many men and boats.

The sponge is gathered by means of a long pole, with two and sometimes three hooks upon the end. This is thrust down into the sponge, which can be easily seen in clear water at the depth of thirty feet. As the fisherman must see the sponge, he can successfully work only in clear and smooth water. They obviate the roughness by throwing upon the surface oil made from the sharks that abound in these waters, or by a pane of glass set into a box or bucket. This they place on the surface and use as a spy-glass. The large schooners come to anchor, and send out small boats to fish; but when the wind is not two strong, the smaller craft sail about with a man on the forepart, on the lookout for the sponge; they also have their small boats. The sponge, after it is gathered, is allowed to remain in the sun for two or three days to die. The gelatinous matter that is in them decays, and they are then washed, bleached and baled for the market.

An Extraordinary Vow.—The following extraordinary vow is performed by some of the Hindoos at one of their festivals: Stretching himself on the earth on his back, the devotee takes a handful of moist earth and, placing it on his under lip, he plants in it some mustard seed and exposes himself to the dews of the night and the heat of the day till the seed germinates. In this position the man must lie in a fixed, motionless condition, without food or drink, till the vegetable process liberates him, which is generally four days.

Nature's Peculiarities.—On beheading a slug, a new head, with all its complex appurtenances, will grow again; so with the feet of a salamander, and the claws of lobsters. The end of a worm split produces two perfect heads, and if cut into three pieces the middle reproduces a perfect head and tail.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Mastic Cement.—Waterproof mastic cement is five parts of river sand, five parts ground stone lime, ten parts red lead, in powder.

The Cow Tree.—The juice of the cow tree has been examined, and its composition is found to be somewhat similar to that of the milk of cows, but the proportions of the various substances are not at all alike.

Impure Water.—What is known as the sugar test for the presence of dangerous organic matter is mentioned by high authority as simple and efficient: Place a quantity of the water in a clean glass stoppered bottle and add a few grains of pure sugar, and expose it to the light in the window of a warm room. If the water becomes turbid, even after exposure for a week, reject it. If it remains clear it is safe.

Educational Tours.—The first steps have been taken in St. Petersburg to form a society for the purpose of providing educational tours for children. It is proposed to send out companies of the children every year, and also parties of young men and women when they have completed their course in the secondary schools or are following out their studies in the high schools.

Artificial Minerals.—The artificial production of minerals throws the greatest light on the natural production of mineral substances. Rubies and sapphires have been produced that have the adamantine lustre, hardness, density and form of natural rubies, that scratch quartz and topaz, and like natural rubies lose color on strong ignition, and regain it on cooling. Lapidaries have found these products quite as hard as the natural stones.

The Senses in the Blind.—Persons who have been deprived of one or more of the senses commonly acquire increased acuteness in the remaining ones. The following case cited by the famous English scientist, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, is a remarkable instance: "The late blind Justice Fielding walked in my room for the first time, when he once visited me, and after speaking a few words said: 'This room is about 23 feet long, 18 wide, and 12 high'—all which he guessed with the greatest accuracy by the ear."

To Tell the Age of a Dog.—The way to tell the age of a dog approximately is to examine the upper front teeth. Until 18 months old these are rounded on the edge; at the end of two years they begin to square off, and gradually wear down and shorten, until, as the animal enters his sixth year, they are nearly even with the gums. The lower teeth usually wear out earlier. The appearance of the eyes is also an indication of age, and all dark colored dogs show their years by the growth of white hairs about the muzzle.

The Seal as a Fisher.—The seal; it is suggested, instead of being so recklessly slaughtered, might under proper training be made highly serviceable. Being naturally intelligent and affectionate, there is no reason to doubt that it might become as useful to the fisherman as the dog is to the hunter. The Chinese have succeeded in training the remora, or sucking fish, to capture turtles, and the heron, cormorant, stork and adjutant, under their patient care have been converted into expert catchers of fish. The same might be done with the seal.

Unknown Monsters.—*Nature* publishes in apparent good faith accounts of curious underground monsters, traces of whose existence have been found in Brazil, and more recently in Nicaragua. Traditions concerning such monsters are said to have existed among the natives from time immemorial. The whole story reads like the yarns which from time to time make their appearance in the western newspapers, but the secrets of nature are not all known yet, and perhaps the time will come when a lucky showman will secure a minhocao and a sea serpent as well. Until this is accomplished, the world will continue to regard these stories with allowance.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Wet Pasture Fields.—Many wet pasture fields could be made productive by a little labor given to surface drains. The best drains are those nearly straight. Don't see how little fall you think will do, but give all you can.

Cows and Ewes.—Cows should not be kept over eight years old, nor ewes over five. Now is the time of year to determine what disposition is to be made of old stock, whether to be prepared for the butcher or continue as at present for another year.

Oxalis.—The window garden is not complete without one or two pots of oxalis. Plant five or six bulbs in a pot during this month. Versicolor and Lutea will give satisfaction. If they are well cared for, they will bloom elegantly, profusely and constantly.

Arsenicated Wheat.—Farmers in England sowing arsenicated wheat are by a recent act of Parliament made subject to a heavy penalty. The farmers poison their seed wheat to protect it from birds and insects, but the sacred game birds are apt to suffer. Hence the penalty.

The Lilac.—The lilac takes the place in American lawns occupied by the rhododendron in England. Let all stick to lilacs, and if the old bushes are getting decrepid, plant some new ones this fall. A good dressing of manure should be occasionally applied, not only to lilacs, but to all lawn shrubs.

Smut in Wheat.—It is said for a guard against smut in wheat, soak the seed over night in a strong brine of salt, then drain and roll it in plaster before sowing. Four ounces of sulphate of copper to one gallon of water for one bushel of seed makes an excellent pickle for wheat. It gives vigor and strength to the germ. It is better than salt where no fear of smut is entertained.

FEMININITIES.

A babe is a mother's anchor.

Transported for life—The man who is happily married.

Love and Pity are twin sisters, that go ever hand in hand.

Russian ladies have a passion for wearing many bracelets at a time.

Many girls make fools of themselves by the aid of a looking glass.

Can temperate ladies, who wear pull-backs, be accused of getting tighter and tighter?

Alluding to chignons, Mrs. Clever said: "A girl seems all head." "Yes, till you talk to her," replied Mr. Clever.

Nothing strikes the ear more pleasantly than a pretty woman's charming voice—except, perhaps, her charming hand.

It has been said that women are the connecting link between men and angels, but marriage is the connecting link between men and women.

The females of some of the Indian tribes fill their mouths with water in order to keep silence. Our women fill theirs with tea, and gossip more than ever.

If a Japanese husband tells his wife she must remain at home, and she goes out notwithstanding, he can smite her one hundred times with the bamboo.

When a woman begins to say what a dreadful set of creatures the men are, and that she wouldn't be bothered with one for the world—that's a symptom.

A bad wife is a shackle on her husband's feet, a burden on his shoulder, a palsy to his hands, smoke to his eyes, vinegar to his teeth, a thorn to his side, a dagger to his heart.

The woman who shuffles around in cloth slippers down at the heel, and wipes her nose on a flatiron holder, is the one who leaves gristle in her mince pie, and runs a hairpin in her bread to see if it is done.

A dreamy writer says it would be curious to follow a pound of silk from the time of its spinning until it becomes a lady's dress. No doubt. But most men would prefer to follow it after it becomes a dress, and the lady is in it.

It is the fashion nowadays, when a girl gets married, to send samples of the wedding dress for her friends to dream on, instead of a chunk of the wedding cake. It is not half as apt to attract mice, and it never greases the pillow.

Eve didn't chew gum. Poor girl, she had none to chew. With a stick of the good old patent indestructible chewing gum in her mouth, she would have met the approaches of the tempter with supreme indifference, and the human race would thereby have been saved.

The Discontented Bee.

Little Miss Bee was crying, yet some people would not have known it, for it is not everybody's ears which can distinguish between a bee's sobbing and singing. But this one was crying, there was no doubt of it; her sobs were piteous to listen to, as she leaned her head against the door of the hive, tiny tears trickling down one by one—such a small, despondling, sorrowful creature she looked, with all the gay, bright, laughing world around her. For it was summer-time, the garden was gay with flowers, the scent of which filled the air with perfume, and all the trees were waving and bending, and laughing together, as if they rejoiced in the clear, blue sky above, rejoiced in the sunshine, rejoiced in all the summer gladness, and in life itself. And away, not far from the cottage garden, were the downs, where the breezes rioted and romped, the sunlight lay warm and golden, and the harebells, wild thyme, and many other wild flowers, shook and swayed to and fro, as if with laughter, making a low, sweet sound, like the chiming of fairy bells. Miss Bee's young friends and companions were all up there at their daily toil, which was very like play to them, so much they loved the gathering of sweets and pollen, and bringing home their tiny burdens to lay by for the winter.

Ah! yes, they were up there. She heard them go trooping off, a rollicking party, while she lay hidden away in a stately lily, too miserable and discontented to join them, and now they were gone, and the hive was quiet—at least, free from their clamoring young voices, she crept into the porch-like entrance to have a good cry.

"Oh, I could be happy if I had something great and grand to do, if I were beautiful even, which I am not! Oh, if I were a beautiful butterfly, my life would be a glory of joy and pleasure, all the world would admire me!" so she wailed, and just then, as if to mock her, a lovely painted butterfly went sailing by, spreading her wings of rainbow tints to the sun. Little Miss Bee's sobs seemed to be choking her, as she watched the bright creature go flashing away out of sight.

"Why, Miss Bee, what's the trouble?" It was a bluebottle fly which spoke, a friendly old fellow, but somewhat bluff in his ways.

"Oh, Mr. Bluebottle, I want to be a butterfly—in short, anything but what I am, and I don't care who knows it." So she spoke, but she did care, for she hung her head in shame.

"Well, that doesn't speak much for your wisdom, since you are a bee, and always will be a bee," replied plain-spoken Mr. Bluebottle

"But I don't want to be a bee, and what shall I do?" was the hopeless rejoinder.

"Well, make the most of what you don't like to be," buzzed the other.

"And what is that?" queried Miss Bee, fretfully.

"Do your duty," and on went Mr. Bluebottle, who was not given to making many remarks.

"He doesn't know what it is to wish to soar, and rise, and shine."

The little bee spoke in scornful pity.

"Who doesn't?" asked a hollow voice, and a worm lifted its head out of its hole.

"Why, that thick-headed bluebottle fly," rejoined Miss Bee, disdain in her tone, at talking to a worm.

"Well, you do, I should think; and were I you, Miss Bee, I should be the happiest being alive. As it is, I try to be happy, because I am what I ought to be," quoth the worm.

"You are but a poor earthworm!" scoffed Miss Bee; and the worm, abashed, was silent, and drew in its head.

"What's that you were saying?" asked a pretty modest grey moth, flitting by. She had no great pretension to beauty, save when the sunlight fell on her, then she shone like polished silver.

"I was speaking to that wretched worm yonder," explained Miss Bee; for the humble worm had raised his head again to listen, but spoke never a word.

"Why *wretched* worm?" questioned Miss Moth.

"Because it's so earthly, and has no ambition," responded the other.

"Does ambition make people happy, or keep them from being wretched?" and the little moth eyed the other narrowly.

"No, not happy, perhaps," faltered the bee; "but I think it grand not to be content to be humble and common."

"Humble and common! I think we are all humble and common enough. I shall wish you good morning;" and the moth spread her wings and soared away, a silvery mite.

"Oh dear, will nobody sympathize with me?" moaned the unhappy one.

And now the soft breezes came wandering down from the hills, rippling with the laughter of the tiny laborers up among the chiming bell-like flowers. Silly little bee! letting the precious moments glide by unimproved, in vain regrets for what could never be.

"Who wants sympathy?" asked a tiny ant, toiling along with a baby ant in her mouth.

"Oh, Mrs. Ant, I do; but you can't help me," spoke the little bundle of discontent, pouting as much as a bee can pout.

"I am not so certain of that," rejoined the honest ant; "what is the matter?"

"I want to be what I am not," was Miss Bee's explanation.

"Well, you'll never be that, because nature is nature. Still, I am sorry for you," spoke little Mrs. Ant.

"Isn't it sad that I should only be a bee and you an ant, toiling, drudging creatures, without beauty or grace, when we could—at least, I could—enjoy so much, if only I had the beauty of a butterfly, and had time to go here and there to be admired."

"Nonsense, child! nonsense!" cried homely Mrs. Ant. "Why ours is a nobler life, if we choose to make it so, than ever a butterfly could rejoice in living. We are teaching the wide world a lesson. 'Busy as a bee,' 'Industrious as an ant,' is said of those who work, and toil, and never grow weary. Homely in appearance we are, I grant, but there was never a life so lowly and mean which could not be made beautiful and noble by patient perseverance in well-doing. If we are among earth's humblest and lowliest workers, I don't see why we shouldn't make the most of our lives, and be hearty and happy, doing our very best, as nature intended us to do. Why, it was only this morning that I heard a boy singing a ditty just suited for such as we are:—

"If I were a cobbler, I'd make it my pride
The best of old cobblers to be;
If I were a tinker, no tinker beside
Should mend an old kettle like me.
Let who will be second,
The first I'm determined to be."

Miss Bee was silent, that song was thrilling her through and through.

"Come," said Mrs. Ant, "as it is a fine day, and my work is forward at home, I've a mind to go and see my cousins up on the downs, if you will bear me company, and then you can fall in with your friends—it is light work and willing hands up there on such a day as this." So Mrs. Ant laid her baby ant in a daisy, which served for a cradle, and off went the two together as much as one flying and the other crawling could be supposed to keep together.

Joy, gladness, merriment and laughter were rioting among the sunbeams there, and honest labor was the order of the day. The ant-knolls were teeming with life. Mrs. Bee happening to alight on a fairy circle, was changed into an ant for the time being, and went with her sage old friend into the midst of an ant village, nobody there knowing she was a changeling. The streets were full of passers to and fro, those who brought in, and those who had to store; some were what we should call merchants, changing and exchanging goods with one another, for there was no coin current there. Some were humble sellers, bright active little creatures with twinkling eyes, others were porters, others attended to the sick! There were nurses walking here and there with baby ants, wee, weak, colorless things, out for their daily airing, as we may suppose, but all were happy, and contented, and this is the song they sung as they labored—

"The summer is short the winter is long,
Work and be happy, be strong."

And up above, the bees were buzzing, that it was sundown, and they were going home. Then Miss Bee and Mrs. Ant set off homeward, for the little bee did not wish to join her companions, they laden with the fruits of their labors, she bearing home nothing at all.

But the next morning, at sunrise, she was away to the downs; she had learnt the secret of life, that great things are small; if done for vain-glory and to please self, and small things great, if performed honestly and well for the sake of duty and right: that the labors of the lowly ones make up much of the great world's happiness and comfort. How she toiled all that summer, poor little ardent thing, forgetting self and pleasure, because she was so full of inward satisfaction in doing and bearing.

When winter came and the butterflies drooped, and shrank away out of sight, forgotten, when even the pattern ants fed on their summer gleanings, and thought not of others, Widow Grant sold honey, and bought firing for her children's comfort with the money; and Miss Bee was glad in the great joy of knowing that she had not toiled and labored all the fair summer for herself alone, but also for others. She knew now, that small could be made great, and that great, become small; that, as the wise man putsit, "He that watereth, shall be watered also himself."

"KRIN."

BY KATHARINE WILLIAMS.

Out of the blazing summer sunshine into the cool room comes Krin, with her waving masses of chestnut hair as untidy as usual, her lips warm and parted. Her muslin dress of pale azure is slightly crumpled, while two dark stains, that shine conspicuously upon it, betray her visit to the strawberry-bed.

"Corinna, my dear? Where have you been?" Mrs. Crofton goes on when she has recovered breath, "and what have you been doing? Your hair is all over your head, and your—— But let me introduce you to your cousin, Lord Rowden, who has come to spend a few days with us."

She turns and bows.

Saxon Rowden is a tall fair young man, decidedly goodlooking, with but a very slight tinge of the fashionable boredom about his face and figure.

He has been watching Krin's entrance and general deportment with languid interest up to the present moment, but now comes forward with something like eagerness in his manner to receive the hand she shyly offers him.

He is about to speak to her when Rhoda's voice, sweet and rippling, rings in between them; their hands part, and Corinna falls back a step or two.

"Corinna," says Rhoda, mild wonderment in her tone, "where have you been, dear? Your hair is utterly wild, and untidy hair is so unbecoming to you."

Krin blushes—such a sudden sweet transition of color as it is—and puts both hands to her head in a vain endeavor to subdue the refractory curls. With her arms so raised, and the startled half-ashamed expression on her face, it occurs forcibly to Saxon how more than pretty she is.

"I often think," he says in his slow quiet way, "how much more comfortable and—and natural a woman must feel when her hair defies fashion, and falls into disgrace. I have rather a fancy for rebellious hair myself."

Corinna, sinking into a chair, smiles involuntarily, and looks pleased. Rhoda smiles too, but does *not* look pleased.

"Have you!" she says mildly. "I think eventually you would tire of it. And—ah—how do you think the Hall looks, Saxon?"

"I can hardly judge as yet. I got but a bare glimpse at it this morning, still it struck me as being considerably out of repair—that is, great parts of it. I wish you would try and help me. If you would all come, and look it over, and suggest—a woman has so much better taste than a man."

"We shall be delighted," says Rhoda prettily. "I have often longed to see the Hall, and now my wish will be gratified."

"*I* have been all through it," declares Corinna, speaking almost for the first time, "over and over again."

"Have you really?" exclaims Saxon with awakened interest, turning towards the window where she sits half hidden; "do you mean to tell me you ever cared to enter the dull old place?"

"It is not dull to me. I love it. Old Simon and I are fast friends, and many hours have he and I passed together in the picture-gallery. I think I could tell you now the histories of every one of your ancestors."

"I never knew of these expeditions of yours, Corinna," says Mrs. Crofton. "I don't know that you had any right to go there, my dear. The house was not open to any one. I fear, Saxon, she has been taking rather a liberty with you in your absence."

"A *liberty!*" repeats the young man warmly; "nay, rather she has done me an honor. Were you not afraid some ghosts more real would rise to challenge your approach?"

"I am not nervous," says Corinna, with a slight shake of her head, and a shadowy gleaming smile.

A week, a fortnight, three weeks pass away, and still the slight repairs going on at the Hall do not complete themselves, or else Lord Rowden feels no disposition to quit his aunt's comfortable quarters.

Day after day he lingers, as though unwilling to tear himself away; and into the heart of Hon. Alicia Crofton has entered the delicious thought that time alone is required to see her handsome Rhoda installed mistress of Rowden Hall.

The girls therefore have nothing but their faces to depend on, and such chances as the neighborhood may afford, and certainly their Cousin Rowden is by far the richest *parti* that has as yet come amongst them.

Meantime July is drawing to a close; and as the clock strikes four on one memorable afternoon Saxon strolls into the drawing-room at Moorlands.

"I think I will walk up and see how they are getting on above," he says, indicating his own home by a lazy movement of the head. "I have not been there for some days now, and they want rousing," says Saxon, smiling. "Conscience is beginning to tell me I should look more closely after my affairs. Good-bye, Rhoda, keep me in your memory while I am absent from you."

"I will try," murmurs Rhoda tenderly, and with a friendly nod my lord departs.

In the garden he meets Krin reading.

"I am going over to Rowden and I want you to accompany me," he said. "It is a delicious walk, and the sun is going down. We can go almost the entire way through the woods, so put on your hat and come."

Krin puts down her book without a word, adjusts her hat, and cheerfully prepares to follow him. So, together, they pass out into the glowing golden sunshine, and taking the side avenue escape the drawing-room windows, and are soon out of sight—and alone.

Before them, half hidden by the giant trees, shortly rises a tower, old and ivy-clad.

"That tower has always had a fascination for me," says Krin, stopping suddenly to regard the old pile before her. "Who built it, and how long ago?"

"Oh, hundreds of years possibly."

"It must have been uncomfortable as a residence at the best of times with all those great open slits for windows, through which the wind must whistle. What is inside it, I wonder?"

"Dust and spiders, I should say. Some day we will get the key from old Simon, and reconnoitre. By-the-by, talking of somebody—here is old Simon. Have you the key of this place about you?"

"Ay, master—my lord—I allus carries it here," returns old Simon, diving into one of his numerous pockets, and producing a huge key, that is almost bright from constant friction. "Will you be long here, master, my lord? I shall be up at the house again to-night wi' a message; mayhap it you're going there you would leave it wi' Mrs. Mason for me," says Simon, as though anxious to regain the treasure he is parting with for so short a time.

"I will," says Saxon, and with mumbled thanks the old man shambles off through the woods.

Rowden turning the key in the massive lock, the tower door swings easily backwards, and they enter. Within all is dark and gloomy, though a few threads of light stream down from the openings above, and there is not so much dust nor as many spiders as they had imagined.

"I would like to put in windows, and oak chairs, and tables," says Krin reflectively; "it would be a charming place for tea in the summer, and——" A loud noise, followed by a decided click, interrupts her speech. "What is that?" she murmurs faintly, alarmed.

"The door closing, I think. I hope the lock has not shot into its place," he says uneasily; "it has that trick I know, though I forgot all about it until now."

"Nonsense, do not let us imagine evil," Krin exclaims nervously, running down the stone steps, while he quickly follows her. But when they reached the door they find it fastened and locked against them beyond all doubt—the key being on the outside.

"*Now* what is to be done, I should like to know?" asks Krin, with a white face and frightened eyes; "how are we to get out?"

"I don't know," says Saxon, and then, the absurdity of the situation striking him, he bursts into laughter, sudden and irrepressible. For a moment Krin disapproves this line of conduct, but presently—being young, and her own laughter ever near—she too gives in and joins heartily in his merriment, forgetful of the awful consequences. What will mamma say when they arrive late for dinner? How will proper Rhoda look?

"*Of course* somebody will come directly to let us out," she says, with conviction in her tone.

"Of course. You remember old Simon said he would be back here again to-night, and night with him meant early evening without doubt."

But waiting does not bring him. An hour passes slowly away. The shadows grow longer and longer.

Half past seven. Half-past eight. The long summer's evening is drawing to a close at last: it is growing positively dark. For the last hour not one word has been spoken by either of them. This slow torture has proved too much for Saxon. For the past ten minutes he has been revolving a wild idea in his brain, and with it before him is fast losing sight of all common sense.

Not far from one of the open spaces in the wall that represent windows there stretches sideways the branch of a tree, sufficiently stout indeed, should he be happy enough to reach it in a spring, to support his weight, but the chances are that he will *not* reach it. It is a terrible risk to run—a risk in which failure means a severe accident, if not instantaneous death; but to Saxon's overwrought feelings it appears preferable that he should suffer from some broken bones, than that Krin should have to endure all the bitter reproaches that will be surely heaped upon her, if they be discovered in their unsought imprisonment.

For a moment he hesitates, then, taking her face in both his hands, kisses her gently. A little later, he is standing on the stone parapet that projects from the wall. There is a faint pause, followed by a slight rushing noise through the still air, a crackling of wood, and Krin, shuddering and half fainting, sinks back upon the friendly bench.

Is it five hours, or five minutes, or a life time? Saxon's voice rings suddenly in her ear, as though sounding through deep water, and, looking up, she find him bending anxiously over her.

"You silly child," he says cheerfully, "I do believe you fainted. Are you better now? Come, the air will do you good, and we can make our escape at last."

He laughs, and, passing his arm round her, raises her to her feet. Mechanically she follows him to the top of the stairs, but there, even through the falling darkness, a deep red stain upon his hand attracts her notice.

"What is that?" she asks nervously, stopping short, "is it *blood?* Oh, Saxon, you are hurt!" and this, added to all the previous excitement, overcoming her, she hides her face in her hands, and bursts into a passion of tears.

"Corinna," says Saxon quietly, although his pulses are throbbing somewhat wildly, "I declare I am ashamed of you. I thought you quite a plucky little girl, and see, a mere scratch upsets you. Why, your own toy penknife could give as severe a cut. I assure you I don't even feel it. Come, remember how late it is."

When they reach the balcony that runs by the drawing-room windows they pause to look in and see who are the occupants of the room. The lamps are burning brightly, and at the farthest end sits Rhoda peacefully reading. Mrs. Crofton also has a book before her, but her eyes do not rest upon it; her face is extremely pale, and there is an anxious terrified expression about it that speaks of unknown fears. Every now and then she glances at the door, as though expecting some one.

"Shall I go in first?" whispers Saxon as he sees his companion's face of woe.

"Oh no, no. I would far rather go in alone. It will be better," says Krin, who feels there is unpleasantness in store for her, and cannot bear that he should witness her disgrace. So they leave the balcony, and, reaching the hall which they find open, Corinna enters the house alone.

As she opens the drawing-room door, Mrs. Crofton looks up quickly, and, seeing Krin, draws a deep breath of relief. Then fear having abandoned her heart, woman-like she permits anger to enter it.

"Where have you been, Corinna?" she cries, rising. "What do you mean by frightening us all to death like this? Do you know it is nearly ten o'clock? With whom have you been?"

"With Saxon," returns Corinna fearfully.

"*What?*" says Rhoda, with flashing eyes, her voice a little shrill.

"With Saxon. We did not mean it—we did not know. We went into the old tower, only for a moment, but the door closed behind us, and we could not get out until Saxon flung himself from the window." She pauses breathless.

"Very nice, upon my word," says Rhoda, her tone a little shriller; "a charming story indeed. Locked up with Lord Rowden in an old ruin, until ten o'clock. I wonder what the country will say!"

"We could not help it," says Krin, looking at her mother with imploring eyes; "it was nobody's fault; we would have been there *now* but for Saxon."

"And pray, if it was so easy to leap from the window, why was it not done sooner?"

"But it was *not* easy. He might have killed himself; and we hoped until the last that some one would come to release us. Mamma, why don't you speak to me?"

"Indeed it is real unfortunate," said Mrs. Crofton, "but I think Corinna you had better go to your room."

Krin left the room, but not to go to her chamber; she walked out into the garden.

Somebody lays his hand upon her arm.

"Darling, have they been so very bad to you?" says Saxon's low caressing voice. "I am sure something unkind must have been said to make you cry so bitterly. Tell me, Corinna; I have the right to know. What did your mother say?"

"It wasn't mamma. It was Rhoda."

"Oh!" says Saxon angrily, and then he mentions Rhoda's name, and puts a word before it that is not complimentary to Rhoda. "Don't cry like that," he goes on presently in a very tender tone, putting his arm round her, and pressing her head down upon his breast: "don't my pet, you are making me awfully unhappy. Corinna, be sensible, darling, and listen to what I am going to say. I want to ask you a question."

"What question?" very drearily.

"I could not ask it if you speak in that tone. Oh, Krin, can you not guess what it is I want to say? I love you, darling, with all my heart; I want to hear that you love me too."

There is no answer to this tender appeal, but he fancies (is it fancy?) that she nestles closer to him. He tightens his arms round her, and whispers softly:

"Say one word, Corinna—only one, to make me happy."

But Corinna is a woman, and finds it impossible to express herself in so compact a form.

"Are you quite sure that you love me?" she asks with anxious emphasis, lifting her eyes to his.

"Quite sure? Must you ask that, darling? Don't you know it? There is nothing in this wide world I would compare with you."

"That is just how I feel toward you," says Krin innocently, with a little sigh of content.

It is needless to relate what followed. Every one possessed of even a grain of sentiment will understand for themselves. And though when he spoke to Mrs. Crofton for her consent, that lady did not like it altogether on Rhoda's account, there were so many reasons to be pleased that she would have been foolish were she other than happy.

A CURIOUS CUSTOM.—It was formerly the custom in Scotland to allow a culprit at the gallows to sing a psalm when a reprieve was expected. One of the chaplains to the famous Marquis of Montrose, being condemned to death for attending his master in some of his exploits, and being ordered at the gallows to name a psalm, he selected the 119th, being the longest in the Bible. His reprieve arrived when the psalm was about half sung. The selection was fortunate—any other would have caused him to be hanged.

THE SEA SERPENT.—In 1819 a species of sea serpent was cast ashore near Bombay. It was upwards of forty feet long, and weighed several tons. A violent wind drove it beyond the reach of the tides, in which situation it took nine months to rot, during which process travellers were compelled to diverge from the usual road nearly a quarter of a mile, in order to avoid the offensive effluvia. It rotted so effectually that not a vestige of bone remained.

RUSSIAN HOTELS.—A Russian hotel, in the interior, is the filthiest of all filthy places; for, as the floors are never washed, the mud and filth accumulate to an inch and a half in depth; the walls are black and fetid; tarakans, a horrible sort of large brown beetle, crawl in myriads over everything, invading even the dishes out of which the traveler eats and drinks, and the dirty deal tables are further defiled by a dirty linen cloth. The public rooms, generally lofty and spacious, are constantly filled with the offensive odor of the native tobacco. The waiters are all men, dressed in print trousers and shirts, the trousers stuffed into long boots, and the shirt hanging outside the trousers; a parti-colored band or scarf around the waist completing the costume. Their hair, like that of all the peasants, is worn long, but cut straight around the neck and parted in front like a woman's, and the beard is not cut nor trimmed.

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Yet, while the memory of her beauty lingers,
She cannot wear the livery of the old;
So autumn comes, to paint with frosty fingers
Some leaves with hues of crimson and of gold.

The Matron's voice filled all the hills and valleys
With full toned music when the leaves were young,
While now in forest dells and garden alleys
A chirping, reedy song is sung.
Yet sometimes, too, when sunrise gilds the morning,
A carol bursts from some half naked tree,
As if, her slow but sure decadence scorning,
She woke again the olden melody.

With odorous May-buds, sweet as youthful pleasures,
She made her beauty bright and debonair;
But now the sad earth yields no floral treasures,
And twines no roses for the matron's hair.
Still, she cannot all lovely things surrender:
Right royal is her drapery even now—
Gold, purple, green, inwrought with every splendor,
And clustering grapes in garlands on her brow.

In June she brought us tufts of fragrant clover,
Rife with the wild bee's cheery monotone,
And, when the earliest bloom was past and over,
Offered us sweeter scents from fields new mown:
Now, upland orchards yield, with pattering laughter,
Their red-cheeked bounty to the groaning wain,
That hoards the store beneath the barn's gaunt rafter,
Piled high with sheaves of golden-bearded grain.

Ere long, when all to love and life are clinging,
And festal holly shines on every wall,
Her knell shall be the New Year's bells outringing,
The drifted snow her stainless burial pall:
She fades and falls, but proudly and sedately,
This Matron Year, who has such largess given;
Her brow still tranquil and her presence stately,
As one who, losing earth, holds fast to heaven.

MABEL'S VICTORY;

—OR—

The Cost of a Will.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEMESIS," "GLORY WINS," ETC.

CHAPTER X—[CONTINUED.]

Mr. Montagu replied:

"Well, scarcely. I wrote to a friend of mine out there to make inquiries on the quiet about the Leslies, and this is what he says:

"'The gentleman you ask about has departed—not this life, but this presidency—and by no means in the odor of sanctity. In short, they say that by various malpractices, mostly at cards and ancnt horses, he has made Bombay too hot to hold him. Where he has gone, whether to England or to try fresh fields and pastures new out here, I cannot tell. Why do you want to know about his daughter? Are you going to put your neck into the noose? Is it in memory to you that the young lady has said "No" to every offer—and she has had good offers, I hear—out here? I saw something of her, and heard more, for she was much talked about; partly because she wouldn't marry anybody, but mainly in wonder that such a sweet innocent creature could have sprung from such a stock as that hoary-headed old humbug. I hope he's not a friend of yours. I have only expressed the general sentiment concerning him.'"

Arthur Dallas was both cheered and alarmed by this news. It seemed to prove that Mabel was keeping faith with him. She would have nothing to do with any one else, but where was she? Where had her father taken her? Oh, if he only had the means how he longed to set forth in search of her—to find her and shield her from the rough world in his loving embrace. Alas, his love was all he had to give her now, and it would not carry him across the sea in search of her.

There was only one month left out of six which Mr. Bellairs was to wait, and the trees were beginning to show signs of buds, and the crocuses and snowdrops to burst through the ground in the trim garden beds.

Mr. Bellairs seemed to be casting off the timidity and nervousness that had beset him, and asserting his ownership of Whiteladies in a free and easy fashion, that was almost maddening to his young secretary.

It seemed to Arthur that he wanted to get rid of him. One or two hints had been thrown out lately that he was a superfluity in the establishment, but he would not take them. He was resolved to stay to the very last minute, in the hope of discovering some clue to the lost letter. He had never brought himself to believe in its destruction. He believed that Mrs. Pincher had some knowledge of it, and he openly taxed her with it on the occasion of one of the visits she paid to her old lover. She only came twice, and neither time seemed to be very welcome. Arthur Dallas intruded unexpectedly on the fag end of one of their discourses, and heard some startling words fall from the lady's lips.

"I can ruin you, and I will, you heartless man!" she said.

"And yourself, too," he answered, sullenly. "Don't you be a fool. You are the better for my being master here, as well as me."

"How much the better! I am sent away like a criminal, while you go about like a lord."

"Oh, do I? That's all you know. It's not all roses here, I can tell you."

"And one word of mine could make it all thorns, if I were to speak it."

"Aye, but you won't, Mary—you won't!" Bellairs said, beseechingly. "It will fall as heavily on yourself, you know. Only wait till next month and you shall be a lady. I swear it."

Their voices died into a whisper, and Arthur heard no more, but he waylaid Mrs. Pincher, and drew her into his sitting-room.

"I overheard something of what you said just now," he said to her, sternly.

"Lord, sir!"

"I did, and I want to ask you a question. How can you ruin Mr. Bellairs?"

"No way, sir."

"Then what did your threat mean?"

"Only that I'm most beside myself sometimes, Mr. Arthur. I only meant that I could hurt him by telling of how he has behaved to me—not that I'm going to. I wouldn't harm him if I knew it. But it's hard on me, very hard."

"Not when he pays you as he does. One hundred pounds at a time is good hush money. Will you swear that it is not given you to stop your telling anything about that lost letter? Your mistress never destroyed it, Mrs. Pincher."

He asked the question abruptly, but not a shadow of uneasiness came into her face.

"Dear me; no, sir!" she replied. "I don't know anything about any letter. I never saw it. No more did Bellairs, and he was first in the room after she died, poor dear."

CHAPTER XI.

ONCE AGAIN.

It was not for want of searching that Arthur Dallas and Mr. Montagu failed to find any clue to the mystery of the queer will.

To do him justice, Mr. Bellairs seemed very anxious that they should investigate the matter thoroughly, and every scrap of paper belonging to the deceased lady, every place where anything like a letter could have hidden itself, was turned over without effect.

The ex-butler behaved very much better than any one could have expected him to do, and Arthur Dallas had no occasion to complain of his ill treatment. Except that he was servant instead of master, and taking a salary from Bellairs instead of being lord of Whiteladies and all in it, his position was comfortable enough.

He had his old rooms, and the servants one and all waited upon him right cordially. Those who had been in the house in the days that he was the heir loved him as they had always done, and treated him with as much respect as though he were the master, and had the ordering of all things about the place, and those who had come recently to fill the places of those who left when Mrs. Dallas died had learned the lesson from the others, and served him with the same good will.

He had his old rooms, not changed a whit, and Bellairs would have had him keep his horse and his dog, but the former he steadily refused.

"If I have to ride on your business," he said, "you must mount me. I have sold Black Maggie. If you let me keep Duke I shall be glad. I would rather drown him than part with him!"

Duke was a fine mastiff, given him by his aunt some two years before, and loved by him all the more that he knew what an effort it had been to her to overcome her horror of dogs and endure the presence of this one about the place. She knew Arthur's fondness for animals, and had herself selected this one, and she had been rewarded for all it cost her by her nephew's pleasure and the big brute's extraordinary affection for herself.

The creature seemed aware that she had overcome a strong feeling of aversion in permitting his advent, and to try in a quiet, wellbred sort of way to make himself agreeable, till at last he was not only tolerated, but liked, and came before Mrs. Dallas died to be her trusty escort and companion whenever she went abroad.

"Duke is a gentlemanly dog," she was wont to say. "He is never rude or rough," and when she was gone, and Arthur bereft of everything by her seeming injustice, the company of the dog was a comfort and a pleasure to him.

Alone in his room Duke would sit by his side in silent sympathy, as if he were conscious of the change that had come over his master's fortunes.

His doggish perception seemed to understand that his position was altered, and he would look at Arthur with loving eyes, and give gentle taps on the floor with his big tail now and then by way of encouragement if his master was unusually silent. Often the tears would start to his master's eyes as he caressed him at the recollection of the thin white hand that during the last few months of its owner's life used so often to lie so lovingly on Duke's broad head.

How well he could picture her—the fragile figure in its flowing draperies and soft white lace, the mittened hands and the flashing diamond rings! The love that of late she had always shown him, so different from the coolness with which she treated him but a few short years ago. It was an odd thing that he had crept into her heart and grown into her affections only to be rudely ousted at last.

How well he remembered her words to him, when, with the assistance of Mr. Montagu—who, lawyer though he was, was a judge of horseflesh—the purchase of Black Maggie was effected.

"I want an animal that will do credit to the master of Whiteladies," had been her words, and now she was in her grave and Black Maggie was sold, and her servant, for whom she had never expressed either respect or affection, was master in her vacant place.

It was inexplicable, to say the least of it; but though Arthur thought till his head and heart ached alike, he could come no nearer the elucidation of the mystery.

Bellairs expressed his sorrow that Black Maggie was sold, and made her late possessor's hair stand on end by hinting that "if he could have seen his way to the money, he would have liked her for himself."

The idea of Bellairs and his pet mare, who could do everything almost but speak, in any sort of conjunction was too much for his nerves.

Duke was not a dog of predatory habits, but he must have had a strain of the retriever in him, splendid mastiff though he looked, for he was fond of carrying things in his mouth. A bit of paper was his delight, and he would walk about with a letter in a queer, old-fashioned way very comical to see.

One day he pushed open the door of his master's room, which was standing ajar, and walked gravely in with a folded paper in his mouth.

Arthur was busy, and merely saying, "Well, old boy," and laying his hand on the dog's head for a moment, he went on with his writing. Duke sat still for a little while with his prize, but after a minute or two, finding himself unnoticed, he began to tear it up.

His master looked up at the sound, and saw writing on the paper.

"Here, Duke, give it to me!" he said, catching up a bit; but it was already in little bits, none larger than the morsel he held in his hand.

In a moment he was down on his knees, grasping all the scraps he could lay hold of, and striving with all his might to keep Duke from getting them again—an action which the dog mistook for a challenge to a game of romps, and seriously impeded his master's proceedings by butting at him with all his might, barking furiously the while.

Being made to understand that this was wrong, he sat down bolt upright, with his tongue hanging out and his ears set up, ready for another frolic, and was much disappointed to find his master only bade him lie down—a mandate which he obeyed, but with extreme reluctance.

It was an old document which Arthur Dallas held in his hand—neither more nor less than a bit of paper, bearing the last lines of a letter and the signature.

"Your faithful wife, Mary Bellairs."

He had seen Mrs. Pincher's writing often, for part of her duties had been to write out lists and memoranda, and sometimes unimportant notes when her mistress did not feel equal to the occasion. It was a stiff, labored hand, all its correctness and precision acquired late in life and at her mistress's instigation. Mrs. Dallas having declared one day in her usual decided manner that "Pincher's writing would disgrace a dame school," and ordered the nearest schoolmaster up to Whiteladies for a course of lessons immediately, to Pincher's great chagrin.

Arthur Dallas felt as though he must be dreaming, and stared at the bit of paper in a bewildered fashion.

No. There were the words, and he found among the rest of the pieces the commencement, "My dearest James."

He could not succeed in piecing together any more of it.

Duke had done his work effectually, and moreover had managed to swallow some of it to the danger of his digestion.

His master carefully put the two pieces in his pocketbook, and telling Mr. Bellairs he was going out sallied forth.

It was a dismally wet evening, and Bellairs was alone with his thoughts, which were none of the liveliest. He was hampered for money. He was master of Whiteladies, but he could not realize his property yet awhile.

He was troubled about the ghost story too, and lonely and nervous, and would have liked to ask Arthur to bear him company if he dared. But the young man, to use his own elegant expression, "always made him feel small." One of the men servants, or the landlady of the nearest public house, would have been more to his taste. But from these he was debarred by the dignity of his position.

Straight to Mr. Montagu's house with Duke at his heels went Arthur Dallas.

"Yes, master was at home!" the trim maidservant who answered the door announced. "Would he please walk in?"

"My dear boy, what brings you here?" asked the lawyer, starting up. "You are just in time for dinner. Have you dined?"

"No."

"Then sit down. Mine will be in in a minute. Another knife and fork, Louisa, and some glasses. Mr. Dallas will dine."

"I had forgotten it was dinner-time," Arthur said, laughing, "and yet remember wishing for it not an hour ago. I have had all thoughts of dinner knocked out of my head."

"How?"

"By these!"

He put the scraps of paper on the table before the lawyer, who surveyed them with great astonishment.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "Where on earth did you get these?"

"Duke brought them to me!"

"And where's the rest of the letter?"

"In his stomach, I fancy. He had it torn up before I knew what he was doing. It was only seeing it was a written paper that made me interfere with him."

"Duke, you wretched beast, you deserve to be hung, drawn, and quartered," said Mr. Montagu, a compliment which Duke acknowledged with whimpers of delight, and raps of his big tail on the carpet.

"Do you think it was anything?" asked Arthur, breathlessly.

"I shall know better what I think when I have had my dinner," was the reply. "A hungry man is too irritable to think. Draw in your chair, my boy, and fall to."

The appetising little dinner was soon discussed, and the servant dismissed with Duke at his heels, sniffing for bones, to the lower regions, and then Mr. Montagu passed Arthur a cigar, lit one himself, and proceeded to discuss the fragments of paper.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

The revolving wheel of time has again brought us to the pleasant and all important event of "fall openings," in which one finds a perfect maze of attractions to wander through, producing on the mind a succession of pleasing surprises, delight and admiration for the charming variety of novelties, which are almost bewildering in number. We have already discussed in detail the novelties which have been presented in materials, so we will proceed to the subject of costumes, which are now among the most conspicuous features of the fall display. I may mention, however, that the subject of materials will not be laid aside entirely, for since my last chat, "fresh fields and pastures new" have been opened for our inspection, but leaving these for another occasion, let us look at the costumes Mr. Wanamaker has prepared to meet the many demands of the autumn season.

An exquisite costume which attracted especial attention as a type of the latest style of short dress, was composed of silk of the new and popular shade of garnet in alternate inch stripes of watered and plain. The skirt of plain silk, was edged with a narrow gauged ruffle. Two breadths of the striped silk formed an undraped tablier, cut on the bottom edge in square tabs, showing a narrow pleating of plain silk underneath. The tablier opens in front half way up from the edge, and displayed in the opening narrow upright folds of plain silk arranged in V shape. The back drapery was a charming illustration of the new bouffant style, being composed of scarves of the striped and plain silk, crossed and interlooped to form a succession of graceful puffs, terminating in broad, square, sack ends of each. The corsage was basque shape not very deep, with a vest of the watered stripe and a wide bias fold of the plain laid on all around the edge of the basque, a pleating of the plain silk extended around the neck and half way down each side of the vest.

As a further illustration of the popularity of stripes in silks a very distingue costume was composed of black gros grain silk and one with narrow, black satin stripes.

The skirt was of the striped silk and trimmed across the front with two scarfs of the plain silk edged with a chenille and silk fringe—a wide space between, showing the striped underskirt. In the back a plaited scarf fastened under the basque, draped in puffs and caught halfway down on the skirt, under a striped scarf which falls over the demi-train; several narrow pleatings headed by a shell trimming formed the skirt trimming. The basque corsage was trimmed in back only, with fringe and satin bows each side.

Another equally distingue costume which seemed especially designed for some elderly lady, was of plain silk and black silk with watered stripes. The front drapery was of the plain silk arranged in upright folds across the end open at the bottom, in shape showing three narrow ruffles gauged in spaces alternating with three upright tucks. A wide panel of the striped silk was inserted in on the sides and slashed across at intervals with three inch bands of the plain silk, fastened on the sides of the back drapery under a scarf of plain silk, extending the length of the skirt, and running through large slides of beaded jet, with pendants. The back was pleated down forming a long, unlooped train, each side of the bottom being turned with revers of watered silk; the basque corsage of watered silk had in front a vest of plain silk, the back of plain silk was trimmed on the edge with small revers of watered silk; plain silk sleeves with cuffs of watered silk, opening over a small trimming of tucks and gaging like the edge of the skirt.

In addition to these the display of costumes for walking and every day wear, were in great variety and fully calculated in quality and prices to meet the wants of all who at this season of the year require serviceable dresses.

Prominent among them was a costume of navy blue camel's hair, the skirt simply trimmed with a plain fold of the camel's hair headed by a wide fold of satin of the same shade. The polonaise was fastened down the front by a cascade of very narrow satin loops, in the back a fan pleating of satin simulated a basque, underneath which the drapery was pleated down and left open on the centre, showing a lining of satin. Coat sleeves trimmed with satin and cloth cuffs.

Another very tasteful costume was of dark blue and old gold brocbe cashmere; the narrow ruffles of cashmere were pleated in spaces with small blue satin revers pieced between. A satin plastron extended down the front, two scarfs of cashmere were draped across, forming on one side two large points which fastened underneath the back drapery on the other side, the cashmere was cut in tabs piped with satin, and interlaced with blue satin tabs over on a blue satin panel.

A stylish costume of bronze and old gold cashmere foule was effectively combined with bronze brown satin, as follows: A wide kilt pleating of the cashmere was trimmed with a bias band of the satin, and formed the trimming of the cashmere skirt. The long overskirt opened the whole length of the front in Vandyke points piped with satin, caught together by satin bows and showing underneath a satin plastron. The drapery in the back was pleated down and fastened by a satin bow. The basque corsage repeated in front the trimming of the overskirt, the sleeves were coat shaped with double cuffs of satin and cloth.

Although my space scarcely permits a further description of the costumes, as I have other novelties in my notebook to report, I must not omit an allusion to the many really useful costumes at very moderate prices, and made with such taste and style as to recommend them to all who seek a stylish inexpensive dress. Among them are several Tartan plaids, made with kilted skirt, the lavenne or washerwoman tunic, and pleated yoke blouse. Others are made of the Tartan and plain materials combined. With many, the coat and vest are a feature of the costume, the overskirt draped as a deep apron front, and looped in the panier style behind. Another style of overskirt is open half way up, and the two corners in front turned up toward the back. The space is filled in by the deep kilting.

The subject of bonnets is a leading topic in "opening" discussions; so I must not leave it out of ours. A cynical old critic of our sex cites the fact that few women like to go to church without a new bonnet, or at least new trimmings to the old one.

'Tis said that
"In the Spring the wanton Leghorn gets itself another crest."

So, in the Autumn, why should not the velvet and felt enjoy the same privilege?

As an argument in favor of the affirmative of this query, let us look at the display of millinery which (as I have previously stated) Mr. Wanamaker has added to the list of the attractions he displays this autumn. From my notebook I take the following for my readers:

An olive green velvet capote had the crown pleated and surrounded by a full wreath of short stiff cock feathers tipped with small peacock feathers, three humming birds nestling on the top. A cluster of satin loops terminated the wreath on the curtain with three gilt fancy pins.

A very rich garnet velvet bonnet, "Cabriolet" shape, was edged with a gilt and garnet cord, and faced inside with garnet velvet; two full velvet garnet ostrich plumes were fastened on the side with a fancy gilt pin and loops of satin ribbon ribbed with gros grain. Wide strings of the same, with others of narrow garnet velvet.

A black felt capote was trimmed with a black plush scarf and gilt pins; a feather trimming of coque plumes tipped with peacock feathers and gilt beads across the top.

A dress Cabriolet bonnet of white felt was effectively trimmed with wide brocade satin ribbon of wild flowers on a cream ground. White ostrich feathers drooped over a cluster of loops with a handsome gilt pin; a facing of olive green velvet, and an edging of gold cord formed the inside trimming.

A very stylish black felt of a flaring Cottage shape was trimmed with black ostrich tips and cashmere feather breast with a wing studded with garnet beads; black satin strings completed this *comme il faut* bonnet.

Another stylish dress bonnet was of white felt with square crown and Cabriolet brim, faced with Bordeaux velvet and edged with a gilt and Bordeaux cord. A white damasse scarf surrounded the crown; rich ostrich tips drooped over the brim, and on the side a cashmere pompon.

A very unique bonnet of silver gray felt with high square crown and wide close brim, was simply trimmed with a cluster of white ostrich tips over the front; the sides of the brim were cut up and laced across with gold cord.

A charming combination was displayed in an olive green velvet with a pale blue damasse scarf and Alsatian bow fastened by a handsome steel pin; on one side was a pale blue plume with olive green tips. Inside trimming of rouleaux of pale blue damasse and olive silk mingled with Valenciennes lace.

A charming hat in the Beefeater shape was of pale blue ribbed plush, with square crown and wide brim dented and turned up here and there, showing a half wreath of crimson buds and gilt bronze grass; on the outside a blue plume, fastened by a steel ornament, drooped over the crown; strings of double faced satin ribbon.

A bonnet which attracted a great deal of admiration was of black velvet, capote shape; a full wreath of exquisitely tinted humming birds surrounded the crown, on top of which was an Alsatian bow of silvery gray damasse ribbon, which also formed the strings.

My limited space compels me to leave the rest of the attractive bonnets on my list for my next, but I must not omit mentioning that with these trimmed bonnets is an equally large display of untrimmed bonnets and hats, with every variety of trimming.

Our Fireside Chat.

(Our columns being frequently pressed for space, I am at times compelled to omit some of the inquiries and answers, but they will all receive prompt attention in their turn. If any of the readers of the Ladies' Department have any good recipes or suggestions interesting to the sex, I will be very glad to receive them for publication.—ED.)

In answer to an inquiry concerning the skeletonizin of leaves, the following methods will be found most reliable:

As the collections are made the leaves should be placed at once between the leaves of a book, and as soon as possible subjected to a certain amount of pressure. A large number should be collected, and care taken in selecting the most perfect; indeed, such care is necessary in this particular that even a scratch, or broken edge, or blotch, or small perforation will render the skeleton imperfect.

The leaves should be well-matured, young leaves should be with few exceptions entirely rejected, and they should be picked from the lower part of the branch instead of the top, where they are imperfectly developed. Notice whether, from the effects of sun or wind, the edges are curled or otherwise imperfect; and those that have a tough leathery texture will not answer. A good plan to determine the state of the leaf is to hold it up to the light, which will expose any imperfection.

It is impossible to give a list of the leaves available for the purpose, as the number is legion. I will suggest a few, and the woods, fields and gardens will constantly offer fresh subjects. All poplar leaves are good, the silver poplar and the aspen are especially so; the apple and pear of the orchard, the crab apple tree of the woods, and the various ivies are as beautiful as easy; the willow requires some care, as it is very delicate and decays quickly; the maple is a beautiful leaf, and must be gathered green and carefully macerated, watching it closely and cleaning with a stiff brush and tapping motion; the camelia, orange, lemon, abutilon westoria, and some rose leaves, form a fine addition; also holly, lilac, and honeysuckle. Various seed vessels are extremely beautiful and easily prepared, but they must be treated by themselves. The stramonium, garden poppy, winter cherries, thorn apple, the wild poppy, Canterbury bells, the Columbine, and African Hibiscus are all lovely when well prepared and gracefully arranged.

Scotch grass and ferns, and many of our wild as well as cultivated grasses, ferns, and lycopodiums, when bleached, after having grown brown in the Fall, are very effective. Take also dry and well formed twigs and bleach them perfectly white, as additions to some of the stemless leaves and seed vessels.

Another charming addition to such a collection is a quantity of thistle down, which must be gathered into little bunches and placed within a clover leaf, first touching the base with a drop of size or paste, and fastening the leaves around.

Other objects which produce a light and fine effect, are those seed vessels which contain downy seed and are of small size, such as the lettuce, casalis, and many other garden and wild flowers, which may be secured before the seeds are blown away.

After gathering, either paint with lake white or bleach by applying chloride of lime with a brush and then rinsing.

The collections of all the various specimens having been made, next proceed to macerate them by placing them in an open vessel—a tub or pan or other convenient receptacle—covering several inches with rain water, and placing in the open air and full sunlight. Place a pane or tray of glass or light china plate over them, with a sufficient weight to keep them well down in the water, the loss of which by evaporation must be made up by adding a new supply from time to time, as required.

In about two weeks they may be examined, and if any are found soft and pulpy they must be removed. After this those that remain should be examined once a week, removing the soft ones each time, and proceeding to cleanse them.

This is the most unpleasant part of the operation, inasmuch as the water when disturbed for the purpose of examination, the odor of the decaying vegetable matter is most unpleasant, and the leaves themselves are absolutely so disgusting in their filthy, slimy condition that if it were not for the beautiful results to be accomplished by persevering in this unpleasant operation, one would give it up.

After arriving at this stage of the proceeding—the finding the leaf in the pulpy condition—it is to be removed to a vessel of clear water, which should be done most carefully to prevent breaking or marring them. It is best done by dipping a card beneath the leaf and causing it to float upon it by leaning the vessel to one side and inducing the leaf to float to the deepest part of the water, when it may be easily rested on the card and removed, then when immersed in the clear water it will float off uninjured. Without using this precaution, the novice in the art of skeletonizing will be almost certain to allow the leaves to break by their own weight.

The cleaning process now begins, for which two or three brushes and a sharp-pointed knife are necessary; a soft, but thick, camel's hair brush, a stiff bristle brush, and a tooth brush. A leaf is lifted out of the water upon a card and slid off upon a piece of smooth glass, or perhaps floated directly on the glass; then with a soft brush gently passed over the surface all the pulp is removed, aiding this brushing by a stream of water poured carefully over it. Slip the leaf again into the water, turn it, and again float it on the glass and clean the opposite side in the same manner. The green surface must be entirely removed, until nothing but the skeleton of fibrous veins remain. If this is not accomplished by using merely the soft brush, the stiffer one or the tooth brush must be applied; and in the case of some strong leaves a sort of gentle scrubbing becomes necessary, and does not injure the texture of the skeleton, but this is not often required.

The motion used in cleaning must not be a sweeping one, but rather a downward tapping, which breaks up the connection of the epidermis without destroying the fibers. As the leaves are cleaned they must be immersed in another basin of clear water and left until the remainder are all cleansed, or until a convenient season arrives for bleaching them. This should be done as soon as possible after the cleansing.

Another process, called the "Quick Method," consists in using a caustic to destroy the epidermis of the leaf, and is used thus:

Dissolve four ounces of sal soda in one quart of boiling water, adding two ounces of air-slacked quick lime, and boiling fifteen or twenty minutes. Allow this to cool, and straining off the clear liquid, boil it again, and add the lime, continuing to boil briskly for an hour or more, adding boiling water if required.

Remove a leaf and put it in a vessel of water, rubbing it gently with the fingers; if the epidermis and parechyma separate easily, the remainder of the leaves may be removed; but if not, the boiling in the lye must be further continued.

By either process the leaves are now ready for the bleaching, which is done in various ways. The best perhaps is a solution of chloride of lime and immersing them for a day or two in a covered glass dish placed in a dark closet, covering closely with a towel. This solution is made with one tablespoonful of chloride of lime in a quart of water, adding a few drops of citric acid, and shaking well until entirely dissolved; then decanting the clear liquid and bottling for use.

Some experienced operators prefer using chloride of soda as a finer preparation. Any scientific druggist can prepare this. But for those who have not the opportunity of obtaining it, I give the correct formula, viz: 12 ounces of carbonate of soda, 6 ounces of chlorinated lime, 2 quarts of water; dissolve the soda in a pint and a half of water with the aid of heat; triturate the lime carefully with water until a smooth creamy liquid is formed; into this stir the remainder of the water, and put aside for twelve hours until perfectly settled.

The following day pour off the clear liquid, and turn the residue in a muslin bag to drain, adding a little water from time to time.

When sufficient liquid is passed off to make two quarts, mix it with the solution of carbonate of soda, stirring until thoroughly blended. Transfer this liquid to a funnel lined with paper, and allow it to drain until five pints of liquid have percolated through the paper. Pour this into an opaque bottle and keep tightly corked.

After bleaching the leaves by either process, they should be placed in a vessel of clear, cold water for twenty-four hours, floated off upon a card, and turned over upon a soft napkin, gently pressed with some old soft linen until all moisture is absorbed, and then curled gracefully or pressed between the leaves of an old book, under pressure.

They are now sufficiently strong to bear handling with ordinary care, and can be arranged to suit the taste, either on a stand under a glass shade, or in a deep recess frame. A black cross covered with these leaves is a favorite style.

I would observe before closing, that leaves containing tannin should never be placed with others. The oak, hazel, and others, are of this class.

Holly leaves are lovely, but must be prepared alone on account of the spirea. Ferns and fine grasses are difficult to arrange, as their feathery fronds are liable to curl, and must be carefully coaxed into position. The best mode of accomplishing this part of the process is to float the leaves off upon pieces of card, then while damp, with a needle and camel's hair brush, arrange each tiny leaflet, placing the sprays in a natural position, and so distribute the various fronds into graceful groups. Then lay them under folds of soft paper, pressing gently on the surface to extract the moisture, and as soon as sufficiently dry, place newspapers over and under, and weights on top. This is a good method of drying many fine leaves.

When dry, the papers may be removed by pressing upon the underside and raising the edge with the point of a knife.

Clover leaves of various sizes will make beautiful bells, imitating the lily of the valley by fastening the edges together with a white stamen in the centre.

The long feather-like grasses are a fine addition to these bouquets by placing parts of them as centres.

Phantom flowers—the arrangement of these is not only charming, but because of the difficulty in making them, of great value.

ANSWERS TO ALL INQUIRERS

J. B., (Henry, Ill.)—As a minor, you cannot make a contract legally binding.

FOURRIER, (Kosiusko, Ind.)—The eye-brows will grow again without the aid of any receipt.

GORDON, (Franklin, N. C.)—"Pro" is the correct term to use in the sense that you mean.

WORRER, (Washington, D. C.)—There is no cheap illustrated work of the kind in one volume.

H. D., (Hancock, Me.)—We would not recommend a person in your situation to emigrate at all.

L. P., (Steele, Minn.)—Nothing short of a surgical operation can effectually eradicate moles in the skin.

CHEVRON, (Jefferson, N. Y.)—It costs $1,000 to take out armorial bearings from the Heralds' College, England.

M. P. H., (Llano, Tex.)—Wash your hands in soft water and use curd soap. Prepared charcoal will whiten the teeth.

LIZZIE D., (Shenandoah, Va.)—The second marriage was in point of fact no marriage at all, and is void. You are therefore entirely free.

OLAND, (Orange, Fla.)—Carbolic soap can be purchased of good quality at almost any soap shop. It is not an article of luxury, nor is it an import.

CLERK, (Chester, Pa.)—Tea was first introduced into Europe about 1600 and sold for fifteen dollars a pound, and hence was coveted as a great luxury.

M. K., (Appanoose, Iowa.)—You can merely sue them for the debt. You cannot prosecute them criminally, although their conduct is very dishonest.

BUTTERCUP, (Oneida, N. Y.)—One ounce of flour of sulphur in half a pail of water, used about twice a week will be sufficient. Try diluted lemon juice for your freckles.

MANFRED, (New York, N. Y.)—The name "Manfred" is from the German, and literally means the "peace of man." Godfrey or Gottfried, from the same language, signifies the "peace of God."

GEORGIUS, (Allegheny, Md.)—We are quite aware of the sanctity attached to the mistletoe by the Druids; but we do not for a moment believe that this has any connection with the custom of kissing under it.

ANNE, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—It is no better to wash the face with cold water, unless it be found to irritate the skin and make it chap in frosty weather. But, as a rule, cold water preserves a healthy appearance of the complexion.

FORGET, (Lycoming, Pa.)—The name Eliza is an abbreviation of Elizabeth, which is of Hebrew origin, meaning "the oath of God." Martha, also Hebrew, means "bitterness." Mildred, of Saxon origin, means "mild speaking."

T. E., (Bledsoe, Tenn.)—May, the fifth month of the year, is said to have received its name from Romulus, the founder of Rome, who gave it this appellation in respect to the senators and nobles of his city, who were denominated majores.

M. A. C., (Morris, Ala.)—The electric spark can be transmitted from San Francisco to New York in less than a minute. The time that would be occupied in sending a dispatch would, of course, depend upon its length. One of ten or fifteen words would only need a few minutes.

E. W., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Do not attempt the stage; success thereon is next to impossible with any but persons of first-rate ability. A mediocre actress, however pretty, will soon find her level, and will scarcely be able to live on the pittance of a salary paid to indifferent ability.

W. C., (Smith, Kans.)—Such a difficult suit as yours cannot be decided on an incomplete ex-parte statement. You should lay the matter before some competent lawyer, and let him work it out. Above all things, do not rush into a lawsuit, but keep out of court if you can possibly do so.

W. E., (Ellis, Texas.)—The Seven Wonders of the World were as follows: 1. The Egyptian Pyramids; 2. Artemisia's Mausoleum; 3. Diana's Temple at Ephesus; 4. Babylon's Hanging Gardens; 5. The Colossus at Rhodes; 6. The statue of Jupiter Olympus; 7. The Lighthouse at Alexandria.

JENNIE, (Henry, Tenn.)—We have repeatedly declined to give a recipe for the removal of superfluous hair, on account of the dangerous nature of the ingredients, but you may try bathing the spots occasionally with pure rum, which, if it does not have the effect you wish, will certainly do no harm.

EMBARRASS, (Bradford, Pa.)—Get somebody who knows you both to introduce you to the girl. You will find such a person after awhile, and you can afford to wait three or four years for him to come along, for you are too young to marry. Meantime you will likely fall in love with some other girl whom you see passing.

BARBER, (Scioto, O.)—Your present mood does not bode success. A stout heart should beat in the breast of a lover, and if he is a student he will gain more knowledge and be more likely to win his sweetheart by sticking to his books and his sports than by all the mooning he can indulge in. Moreover, you are not so badly in love as you think.

SUBSCRIBER, (New Frankfort, Ind.)—Yes; but we have not space to mention them. Archbishop Paley's Evidences will give you all the information you require concerning early historical references to the coming and teachings of Christ. The work can be found in almost any library; or, if one is not accessible it is to be had cheaply in any bookstore.

ROSINA, (Barren, Ky.)—If you have any voice at all, there is no difficulty in your learning to sing, but it is quite impossible for us to teach you. If, as we have no doubt, you belong to some chapel or church school, many of which have singing classes on the sol-fa system attached to them, join it, and after a few months you will find yourself capable of taking a part in their concerts.

BLACKWOOD, (Harford, Ind.)—We have never known the whippoorwill to be called by the name bullbat, so that we cannot inform you whether they are one and the same. We think, however, that the latter title must belong to some other bird, as there is nothing whatever in common between the whippoorwill and bats in general that would justify such a name.

HISTORY, (Johnson, Ark.)—The Spanish Armada, for invading England in 1588, consisted of 130 ships, of which 100 were larger than any before built. It conveyed 19,295 soldiers, 8,000 seamen and 2,630 brass cannon. They were to convey an army of 34,000 men from the Scheldt, in flat-bottom boats. The English opposing fleet, of smaller vessels, was about 140 ships. The Armada returned by the Shetland Islands, and not more than half reached the Spanish ports.

NELLA, (Virginia, Ill.)—The singers you mention have been before the public for periods ranging from eight to sixteen years. Miss Kellogg has probably been the longest on the operatic stage. It would be impossible to say who are the leading vocalists and instrumentalists now in the amusement profession, as it is conceded to be a matter of individual taste and opinion. Both Nilsson and Jenny Lind are still living—the latter in retirement.

BEAUNCHAIL, (De Kalb, Mich.)—Assuming for the moment that there is no misconception anywhere as to the case narrated, it must be one of a morbid character, which has produced disastrous results. The position is untenable and wholly wrong. The impression said to be produced on the mind can have no foundation in fact. If the whole thing is not a myth, it is a delusion, and should be so treated.

O. PORCH, (Doddridge, W. Va.)—You must keep at work trying to inspire your son with a love of truth. It may be that you made truth and goodness repulsive to him by dosing him with asceticism under the name of truth. Or, perhaps, you have been so solicitous, and have acted so severely in the matter, as to have made him afraid of you, and thus driven him, or argued him, first into prevarication, and from that into falsehood. Some parents have a most pernicious way of browbeating a child, and of doubting its statements, and of exclaiming, "Come, now, tell the truth, none of your story-telling to me," and such like insulting outrages on the helplessness of childhood.

MADGE, (Winnebago, Wis.)—Your lover certainly ought to be more prompt with his letters, and his alleged press of business is a poor excuse for his negligence. A man must be driven very hard not to have time to write to his sweetheart at least two or three times a week. There are lovers, indeed, who are not content unless they dispatch a letter every day, and some are so infatuated that they take advantage of every mail to forward a few tender words to the being of their adorations. Be very careful about writing harshly to him, however, and don't impatiently throw him overboard, for he may explain it all when he sees you. A severe written word is much worse than a spoken one.

ESSAYIST, (Tazewell, Va.)—To do justice to your subject you ought to have a general acquaintance at least with all of Macaulay's works; but such is hardly to be gained in the short interval at your disposal. Your best course would be to take up one phase of this eminent man's character, and treat it as thoroughly as you can. Poet, critic, statesman, historian—the whole theme would be most attractive. Suppose you look at Macaulay as the creator of the historical essay—in which department, as it has been well said, he is not likely soon to have a successor. Examine his critical method, test his historical soundness; give illustrations of the brilliancy and picturesqueness of his literary style and of his intimate knowledge of the details of government; and, if you can, contrast what he has done with his would-be emulators. You will find all this arduous enough for a first attempt.

APPRENTICE, (Laurens, S. C.)—The ancients used to mark the progress of time by the moving of the heavenly bodies, and for a more brief space by the shadow of the sun cast on a sun dial, certain marks on the dial noting the length of time. In the absence of the sun, the ancients always used a clepsydra, a vessel containing water escaping through a small orifice in equal quantities at equal times. A floating body in a vessel which received the water denoted the time by its rise to certain numbers on the side of the vessel. The Romans introduced this instrument in the days of Pompey, from Greece, seventy years before the Christian era. They employed it to denote the length of speeches in the Roman Senate. The sand or hour glass was an ancient invention and used in Egypt before the days of Christ. In the early times of Archimedes, the great mathematician, 250 years before Christ, wheel work was made to move by springs, and weights to limit equal times. From this motive power first sprung the clock for keeping time.

MINNEHAHA, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—No; it is not "customary for gentlemen to get intoxicated when riding with ladies," or when with ladies under any circumstances. In fact, there seems something inconsistent in the idea of a gentleman getting intoxicated at all. (2.) The position of the parties in round dances differs in various places, but that most usual and proper is for the gentleman's right arm to half encircle the lady's waist, her left hand resting lightly on his shoulder, the other hands being clasped to govern the motion of the body. (3.) Although the true B